WORLD SOCCER

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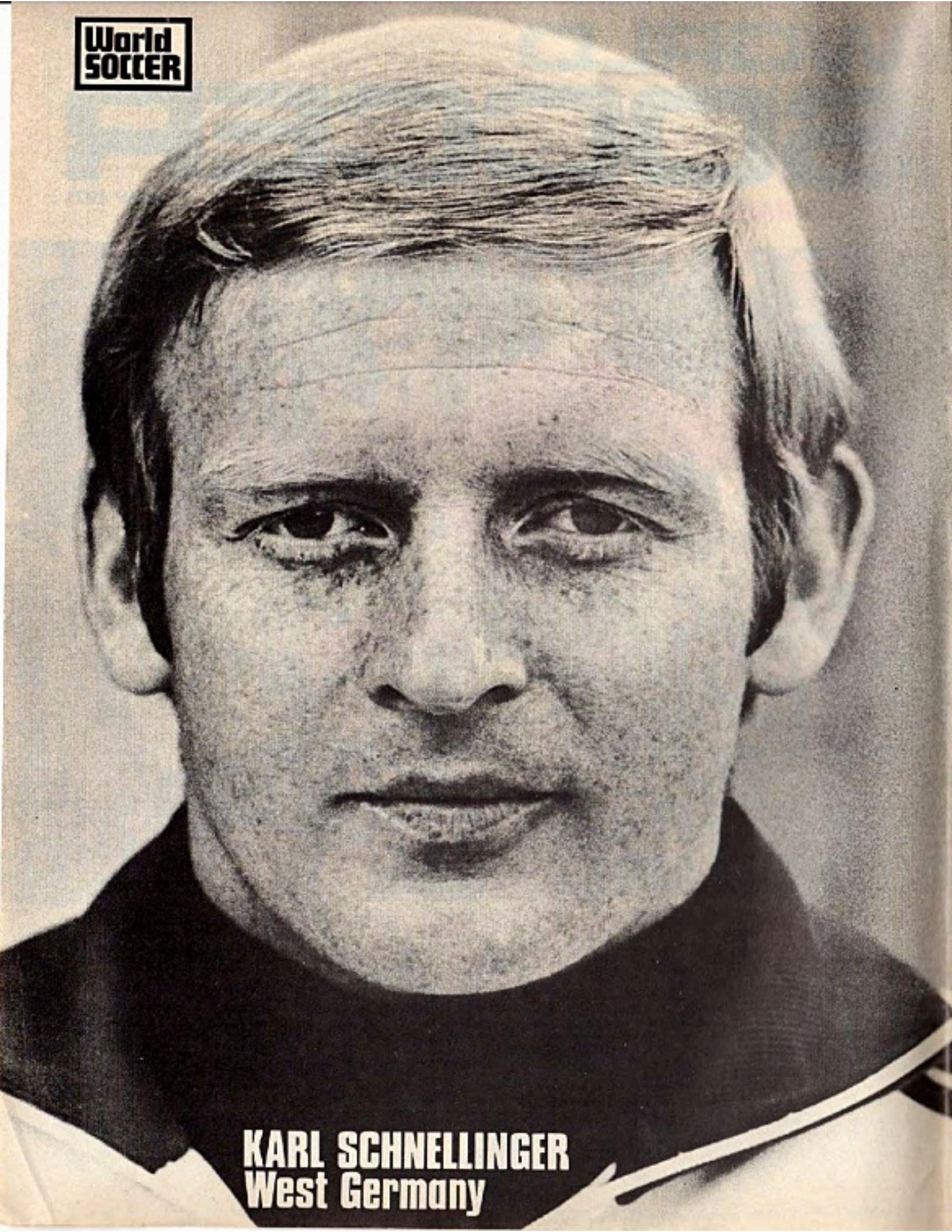
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KARL SCHNELLINGER
West Germany

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The INTERNATIONAL Magazine

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Referee earns the plaudits

THE crusty old argument of whether tackling from behind should be barred in Britain has been freely discussed at various levels in recent weeks. Two captains of London teams, Ron Harris of Chelsea and Frank McLintock of Arsenal, aired different opinions. Harris, it seems, thinks that tackling from behind is part and parcel of the game and that the British supporters enjoy it. McLintock, a defender himself, would like to see it stopped.

For too long now opinion in Britain has seemed to suggest that it is the rest of the world that is wrong and that we in Britain play the game as it should be played. In actual fact no change in the Laws of the game is really necessary to bar tackling from behind; what is required is uniform interpretation by referees at all levels. It is impossible for a player tackling from behind to play the ball without first "going through" his opponent, thus committing an offence.

It was gratifying to see Pavel Kazakov, the Russian referee of the Chelsea-Manchester European Cup Winners Cup tie, taking a hard line against tackling from behind. There were those, no doubt, who thought Mr. Kazakov too strict in his interpretation of the Laws; he blew up for numerous fouls that English referees would readily have accepted.

Personally, I found the attitude of referee Kazakov, and his two Russian linesmen, with whom he worked in close co-ordination, most refreshing. If referees in England followed his example I am sure that before very long some of the more unpleasant features of the game as it is played in Britain would disappear . . . without detracting from the game as a whole.

Football can still be entertaining without tackling from behind and some of the petty gamesmanship that is particularly evident in Britain. Players who deliberately kick the ball away after being penalised antagonise both their opponents and the spectators. Again Mr. Kazakov displayed the right sort of control; when a City player booted the ball away he was instructed to retrieve it. Bravo Mr. Kazakov!

THE EDITOR

FRONT COVER PICTURE

Malta right-back Grima clears from Alan Mullery, captain of England for the first time, during a European Championship match. England have subsequently beaten Greece 3-0 while Malta lost 5-0 at home to Switzerland.

F.A. Cup Final ... Arsenal v Liverpool ... Wembley, May 8

Arsenal ahead of

by BRIAN

IN this reprise of the 1950 Final between Arsenal and Liverpool, forecast is as difficult and elusive as ever, even for those, like myself, who have seen both teams on a number of occasions this season. It would probably be dangerous to regard either of them in the stereotyped terms in which it is fashionable to assess them: Arsenal as a heavily defensive, largely impregnable side which does nothing but loop high balls to Kennedy and Radford in the middle; Liverpool as an almost equally dour team which scores few goals, and relies primarily on Toshack's head, and Heighway's brave, occasional dashes.

Both sides were probably a little fortunate to come through the semi-finals, though each, in the event, won comfortably enough in the end. Those three, however, are the operative words. At Sheffield, in their first semi-final against Stoke, Arsenal looked at first as if they were going to win the game in their own time, conceded two freak goals, got one of them back soon after half-time, should really have given away a couple of others, but in the event equalised with a late penalty, following Frank McLintock's header from a corner, awarded after Gordon Banks had seemed to be fouled. By utter contrast, the second game, at Villa Park, was largely one-sided. The promising young Stoke team had shot its bolt, and Arsenal imposed their authority in the way they had threatened but failed to do at Sheffield.

Initiative

Liverpool, meanwhile, defeated an Everton side in a state of rumoured discord, clearly suffering a reaction (how could they not?) from the physically hard and ultimately disappointing European Cup semi-final in Athens. Everton—I was not at the game—apparently played wonderfully well in the first half, and deserved to lead through the goal scored by Alan Ball. Soon after the interval Brian Labone went off; Everton were obliged to play without a recognised centre-half, and Liverpool, gradually getting the initiative, equalised with two goals which would both have been harder to score, at the very least, had Brian Labone been present. Certainly he thought so himself, and certainly the two Liverpool scorers, Evans and Hall, were suspiciously unmarked. They won't get room and space of that kind against Arsenal, not even on the vast expanses of Wembley.

When Jimmy Logie, a particular hero of mine, and a star of the 1950 Cup Final, was whimsically asked what he thought would happen were the 1950 Arsenal side to play the present one, he replied that it would be very hard for the 1950 team to score against the 1971 team, but that the 1971 team certainly wouldn't score against "us".

Arsenal colleagues George Armstrong and John Radford congratulate each other on an Arsenal goal against Tottenham.

This is a question which, of course, must remain forever moot. What we do know is that neither Liverpool nor Arsenal finds goal scoring very easy, with the exceptions of the odd, distinguished occasion such as Liverpool's splendid 3-0 win at home in the Fairs Cup to Bayern Munich.

The return to the attack of Alun Evans, strong, eager, fast and ebullient, has certainly increased Liverpool's threat, and taken some of the responsibility of getting goals off the shoulders of Heighway—and the head of Toshack. Wembley as a ground seems made for Heighway; one could almost imagine him getting the kind of goal Jackie Milburn scored there for Newcastle United against Blackpool in the Cup Final of 1951, running from his own half, outstripping the whole Blackpool defence before shooting home.

On a couple of occasions in the match at Highbury this season, Heighway threatened to do just this, but was frustrated by the marvellous anticipation and boundless courage of Bob Wilson, the Arsenal goalkeeper. When it comes to seeing the chance of a break through the defence, and doing something swift about it, there is nobody quite like Wilson; unless it is Ray Clemence.

In the sixth-round tie against the Spurs at Anfield, Clemence came not only out of his area but half-way to the centre-line into the bargain to clear from Chivers, through on his own. Four days later, in the replay at Tottenham, Clemence had a superb match, making save after save, just as one had seen him do earlier in the season at West Bromwich, where Liverpool were as lucky to get a point as they were to win the day at Spurs. Since goalkeepers can turn games in the most remarkable and sometimes outrageous way, a Cup Final which includes two such as Wilson and Clemence is clearly going to be exquisitely hard to forecast.

Advantages

Yet I do think that Heighway is going to trouble Arsenal's strong but occasionally rather slow turning defence, just as Stoke's hippy young forward did at Sheffield. On the other hand, I am sure that John Toshack is not going to be the menace to them that he was against the Spurs, who had to face him without the aerial advantages of Mike England. Toshack when he is not heading the ball takes on rather Hateley-esque dimensions, and could appear something of a statue.

On the other hand, when Liverpool played Arsenal in the League, and not least at Highbury, Tommy Smith and Larry Lloyd were very much the masters of Kennedy and Radford in the air. I am less certain that a deliberative player such as Lawler will be able to subdue the marvellously combative, endlessly active little George Armstrong, the winger who does enough work in one game to see a normal player through half a dozen.

F.A. Cup Final ... Arsenal v Liverpool ... Wembley, May 8

to nose Liverpool

GLANVILLE

With his Panglossian tendency to pop up on either wing, his speed, his industry, his work in midfield, his readiness to take on and beat a man, Armstrong is positively a host in himself. He has had a magnificent season, the proper climax to which would be a cup, though the iron principles of Ramseyism being what they are, I don't suppose he'll get it. At all events, it was good to see that the Arsenal Supporters Club, that earnest and deferential body, had the wit to make him Gunner of the Year.

Potential

Then there is Charlie George, a player of immense potential, unusual ball skills, enviable imagination—and a temperament which he must learn to control before it sabotages a potentially brilliant career. George has brought new life and invention to an Arsenal team ponderously predictable, albeit mightily efficient, till his return. But it is never possible to forecast quite how he will play, whether he will shine, or whether he will be obscure. Arsenal need him the more because of what I believe to be their over-cautious approach to the game, their tendency endlessly to hedge their bets; as exemplified by the preference of a defender, Peter Storey, in midfield, rather than one of the array of fine natural midfield players whom they have.

But there is no doubt at all of Storey's effectiveness, of his highly robust prowess in the tackle nor, despite a lack of technique, of his new-found ability to pop up and score important goals, by no means all of them from the penalty spot.

Liverpool in midfield are not wholly convincing. Brian Hall is a player of great promise, but still a little inexperienced and fragile, perhaps, to assert his subtle skills on such an occasion. Emlyn Hughes runs and shoots mightily, but though he attacks, he does not, in the classical sense, construct. Some people think Liverpool will lose and Arsenal win the game here. Others fear goalless gulfs of non-activity, a barren draw, extra time, another replay.

My own belief is that the game will be lively and interesting. I think Arsenal, the more effective and impressive team over the season as a whole, may just get their noses ahead. But there will be awfully little in it.

Ray Kennedy, prolific goalscorer for Arsenal this season.

HOW THEY GOT THERE

ARSENAL

Third round v Yeovil, away, won 3-0, Kennedy 1, Radford 2.
Fourth round v Portsmouth, away, drew 1-1, Storey, pen.
Fourth round replay v Portsmouth, home, won 3-2, George, Simpson, Storey.
Fifth round v Manchester City, away, won 2-1, George 2.
Sixth round v Leicester City, away, drew 0-0.
Sixth round replay v Leicester City, home, won 1-0, George.
Semi-final v Stoke City, drew, 2-2, Storey 2 (1 pen).
Semi-final replay v Stoke City, won, 2-0, Graham, Kennedy.

LIVERPOOL

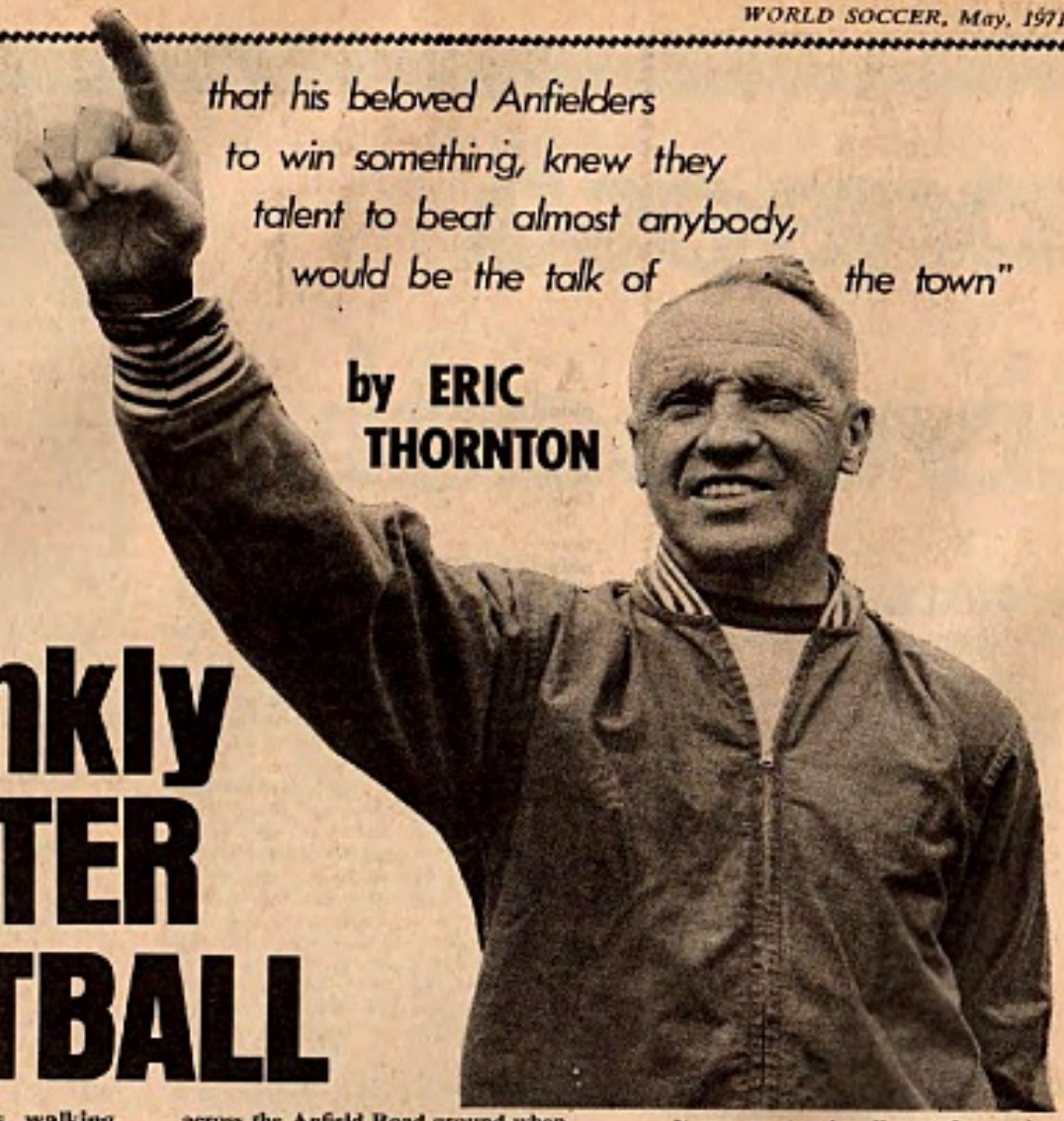
Third round v Aldershot, home, won 1-0, McLaughlin.
Fourth round v Swansea, home, won 3-0, Lawler, St. John, Toshack.
Fifth round v Southampton, home, won 1-0, Lawler.
Sixth round v Tottenham Hotspur, home, drew 0-0.
Sixth round replay v Tottenham Hotspur, away, won 1-0, Heighway.
Semi-final v Everton, won, 2-1, Evans, Hall.

Liverpool's winning goal against Everton in the semi-final . . . Brian Hall (11) is the scorer.

"He knew that his beloved Anfielders were going to win something, knew they had the talent to beat almost anybody, knew they would be the talk of the town"

by ERIC THORNTON

Bill Shankly MISTER FOOTBALL



BILL SHANKLY is walking tall these days, and so far as I'm concerned no one can deny the Liverpool manager the right to good personal assessment, and the pleasant habit of patting himself and his boys on the back.

Everybody on Merseyside, and most places north, south, east and west were being told in autumn, then around the turn of the year, and again in the spring that the Almighty was reserving a spot for Liverpool in the prizewinners' queue.

Because this craggy, dedicated and shrewd Scot *KNEW* that his beloved Anfielders were going to win something, *KNEW* they had the talent to beat almost everybody, and *KNEW* his youngsters would be the talk of the town sooner or later.

It is these many years since Bill turned those broad shoulders on Huddersfield Town and the heartbreak of losing Denis Law in a record cash transfer, and accepted the thankless job of rebuilding Liverpool Football Club, and matching them up to those blasted Evertonian' rivals across the park.

He rolled up his sleeves and the famous bark came echoing back across the Anfield Road ground when, like Moses of old, he led them out of the Second Division desert and into the promised land with a points romp that left the rest looking a bunch of selling platers.

That was in 1962, when they swapped places with Chelsea, and it was the first trophy captured by the one-time Scottish international wing-half who knew the glories of Deepdale when the interwoven P-P shirt badge meant Proud Preston.

Promises

Never a man for resting on laurels, he began visualising the likely state of things to come in the years ahead, and was a better talker than Cassius because promises were maintained. They had to be because Liverpool were the greatest!

He pushed them to the very summit of the English game, and they carried off the League championship in 1964 when, to the additional and tremendous delight of all those boyoes and night ticket queuers along the Walton Breck Road the Reds not only beat off the challenge of Everton, but had the temerity to push them down into third place.

It was great to be alive at the south end of Stanley Park, yet 12 months later everybody went almost raving mad, and the feller next door took his mother-in-law out for a drink because THEY WON THE CUP.

Ever since the club was founded after a split from the Goodison Park organisation was formed in 1892, Liverpool had been fighting for that particular prize, but always been thwarted. Yes, and even when they reached finals of 1914 and 1950—until Shankly's team broke that duck, and beat Leeds United in the early summer of 1965.

Superior

Then, as if to underline the Anfielders' complete superiority over the rest in that particular moment of time the Shankly boys carried off the title again the next time round, and further serialised their all-round ability by continuing a prize chase over Europe.

The Liverpool manager noted with great regret that men like Ron Yeats, Ian St. John and Roger Hunt were losing pace, new line-ups were built, and all seemed set fair, last August, when injuries suddenly crippled

almost half a team, and the boss knew the truth of his own country's adage about the best laid schemes.

He faced up to successive losses, remembered with pleasure the time spent building reserve strength, and staggered the local inhabitants with dramatic introduction of one youngster after another to the big scene.

There were those who gasped at the selections, but kept their thoughts to themselves while noting the successful blooding of Ray Clemence, Alec Lindsay, and Lawrie Lloyd, and the fantastic manner in which Brian Hall, Steve Heighway and John McLaughlin were thrown in at the deep end though they were really only amateurs.

Of course, the performances of the young 'uns did not surprise those who keep their tags on Anfield happenings.

Two teams

They have been walking away with the reserve team title of the Central League over recent years, a fact that probably provides one of the reasons why their lord and master says just this: "There are only two teams on Merseyside—Liverpool and Liverpool Reserves".

He believes that, just as he does that one day Liverpool will win the lot—the FA Cup, League title, European Cup, and World Club championship. But having said that, he rather decently adds: "I'm not greedy, because once Liverpool had won the lot I would share it around."

That may be swaggering talk, yet it has to be admitted that this man is so dedicated that he eats, drinks, and sleeps football, and soccerless Sundays are little hells for him, and leave him unshaven.

It's easy to guess that everybody associated with William Shankly is backing the boss and his boys to beat Arsenal, and win the Cup at Wembley Stadium this month.

YUGOSLAVIA MARCH ON

by ROGER MACDONALD

AFTER failing to beat Italy in the last final of the European Championship, largely because of one fatal gap left in a defensive wall, Yugoslavia seem poised to reach the quarter-finals of the present competition in emphatic fashion.

By beating Holland 2-1 in the seaside town of Split, Yugoslavia are now a point ahead of their most formidable rivals, East Germany, who have still to play both in Belgrade and Rotterdam.

It seems clear that Yugoslavia now regard the European Championship to be top priority, of greater importance, even, than Red Star Belgrade's anticipated appearance in the European Cup final. For, as I interpret the UEFA regulations, Dragan Dzajic, sent off in the first leg of Red Star's quarter-final against Karl-Zeiss Jena of East Germany, received a four-match suspension from competitive matches controlled by UEFA, and not from the European Cup as such. (Certainly this was the case as far as Malta's centre-forward Joe Cini was concerned, who purged his six-match suspension arising from an incident in the European Cup Winners' Cup with Hibernians by missing several matches in the international championship.)

Shadowed

But if Dzajic could have been omitted from the Yugoslav side, and thereby avoided the disagreeable situation of Red Star appearing in the European Cup final at Wembley without him, the Slavs decided otherwise. So Dzajic spent most of the afternoon shadowed by two Dutch defenders, whose tactics in stopping him were conspicuously lacking in finesse.

However, Holland's concentration on Dzajic left a great deal of space for the remaining Yugoslav forwards, and with a strong wind at their back, they immediately put the Dutch goal under pressure. Petkovic found he had the beating of Drost on the right wing, and began to send in a stream of crosses. In the 15th minute one of them reached Jerkovic, who headed a fine goal, hitting the ball down and left of Van Beveren's leap.

This goal spurred Holland to greater efforts in attack, and when they had the wind advantage after half-time, they twice came within inches of the equaliser. But first Vukovic brought off an exciting save from Keizer and later Paunovic cleared off the line after Mulders had got clean through.

But the more extended the Dutch lines became, the greater the danger from Dzajic. With five minutes left, when Holland had eight players in the Yugoslav half, the ball came out to Dzajic in a man-to-man situation. He beat Neeskens with one shimmy of the hips, and gave Van Beveren no chance with his shot. It was a goal of tremendous quality, that fully vindicated Yugoslavia's decision to play Dzajic, whatever the cost to Red Star.

While Yugoslavia were disposing of the Dutch, Hungary went to Vienna and beat Austria 2-0, a highly satisfying result for . . . the French reporters, who saw little in either side to concern their own team, Hungary's next opponents in the European Championship. Although Bene scored two goals for Hungary in the second half, both came from defensive errors, the second from a catastrophic clearance by the Austrian 'keeper, Rettensteoner.

Performance

The French optimism was based largely on their team's performance in Valencia, where France came close to beating Spain for only the second time in their history—the first being back in 1955, in the days of Raymond Kopa. The Spaniards had to make several changes in their intended side because of injury, and the absence of Atletico Madrid's centre-forward Jose Garate was particularly felt.

Under the circumstances, it was perhaps a little less surprising than usual for France to take a two-goal lead, both scored by Hervé Revelli, in the 15th and 53rd minutes. The Bilbao 'keeper, Jose Iribar, was partly at fault on both occasions, and had clearly not recovered from the shock of having four goals put past him by Valencia in the same ground the previous Sunday.

After beating Italy 2-1 in Sardinia, Spain could scarcely believe the score, but much to their credit they swiftly pulled themselves together. On the hour Jose Martinez, better known as "Pirri", confirmed his scoring form with Real Madrid by reducing the French lead, and within 60 seconds scored a second, and dramatic equaliser. Thereafter it was France, rather than Spain, who were prepared to settle for a draw and the Spaniards twice came close to a third, decisive goal. This was hardly the form they had shown in the Cagliari stadium, but it enabled manager Ladislav Kubala to preserve his unbeaten record since he took over the national side a year ago.

F.A. Cup Final ... Arsenal v Liverpool ... Wembley, May 8

Wolverhampton Wanderers goalkeeper Phil Parkes beats Arsenal's George Graham to a cross at Highbury.

Guide to the teams

RAY CLEMENCE. Signed from Scunthorpe United in 1967 for £20,000 he finally won a regular place as goalkeeper from Tommy Lawrence in 1970. Was awarded an Under-23 cap by England before he made his Liverpool bow in a League Cup match against Swansea in 1968–69. One-time deck chair attendant at Skegness.

CHRIS LAWLER. Signed from his schooldays in May 1959 he was honoured by England at schools and youth level, subsequently at Under-23 status. Though he was given his senior baptism for the Anfield club against West Bromwich Albion at centre-half in March 1963, is now regarded as a fixture at right-back.

RON YEATS. Came from Dundee United in July 1961, having won schoolboy and youth honours for his native Scotland. A £25,000 signing he later captained Liverpool after making his début against Bristol Rovers in August the same year. Has two full caps and switched to left-back in 1970–71 after 350 games.

ALEC LINDSAY. Although he was originally captured from Bury in March 1969 as a midfield wing-half, he has appeared in a variety of forward and defensive berths until settled this term at left-back. This £67,000 signing was once a youth international and made his Bury bow at 16, becoming a full-timer in 1965.

TOMMY SMITH. Inspiring captain of Liverpool who came from school to Anfield in May 1960. Turned professional at 17 in 1962 and made his League début in March 1963 against Birmingham City. Two years captained the England youth team and has won Under-23 caps, too. Completed 250 League appearances this term.

LARRY LLOYD. Another ex-youth international he made his League début for Bristol Rovers after turning professional with them at 18 in July 1967. Liverpool paid out £50,000 for him in April 1969 and he established a regular position in the 1970–71 season, winning England Under-23 recognition, too.

EMLYN HUGHES. Another valuable utility player he can play either in midfield or defence. Began his career with Blackpool and joined Liverpool in February 1967 in exchange for a £60,000 fee. Has been honoured at Under-23 level for the Football League and has been fully capped by England on eight occasions.

IAN CALLAGHAN. After spending much of the early part of the season out with injury has returned to fitness. Was a 17-year-old débutant for the club April 1960 a month after turning professional. His honours include recognition at most levels including two full England caps. Has over 300 League appearances.

ALUN EVANS. Also out of action for several months with injury, came back to score a hat-trick v. Bayern Munich. Was the first teenager to be transferred for £100,000 when bought from Wolves in September 1968. Has schools, youth and Under-23 honours for England and has been a professional since September 1966.

BOBBY GRAHAM. Also back in action after breaking an ankle earlier this term. Signed in November 1961 from the Motherwell area he made a scoring début for the club in September 1964, hitting a hat-trick against Aston Villa. Starred earlier in the Liverpool FA Youth Cup winning team during the 1962–63 season.

STEVE HEIGHWAY. University graduate with a BA he was with Skelmersdale United as an amateur before turning professional with Liverpool last year at 22. Once on the books of Manchester City he has since been fully capped for Eire and was voted All Ireland Player of the Year after just a few months.

JOHN TOSHACK. An expensive £110,000 signing from Cardiff City late last year he has been capped by his native Wales at Under-23 and eight times at full level including the match v. the Rest of the UK in 1969. This tall, commanding striker is particularly effective in the air. Scored on Anfield bow.

PETER THOMPSON. Experienced wingman who can also scheme. Has won youth, Under-23 and 16 full England caps and cost Liverpool £40,000 when they signed him in 1963. Began his career with Preston North End and made his début in August 1960, nearly a year after turning professional. Also back after injury.

BRIAN HALL. Like colleague Heighway is another university graduate with a degree. Had only made substitute appearances before this term but now a regular as either a winger or schemer. Turned professional at 20 and is known to his team-mates as "Little Bamber"—Heighway is called "Big Bamber".

JOHN McLAUGHLIN. Had made one solitary senior appearance last season but stepped into Ian St. John's midfield role at the start of this term at 18. Had idolised the man he succeeded and held a regular place until the last few matches. Yet another of Liverpool's many Merseyside products to blossom.

... Meet the players with Jack Rollin

BOB WILSON. Although he was once on the books of Wolverhampton Wanderers as an amateur he has come to the fore in recent years with Arsenal. Joined them in March 1963 and turned professional a year later. Won a regular place in goal in 1968–69, broke an arm in 1969–70 and has also featured as a TV interviewer.

PAT RICE. Developed at Highbury although born in Belfast. Became an Arsenal apprentice in December 1964 and was added to the fully fledged ranks in March 1966. Started in the club's FA Youth Cup winning team that same year and has been capped by Ireland at both Under-23 and twice for the full side, too.

BOB McNAB. Just missed clinching a place in the World Cup side in Mexico but has played four times for England. A product of the Huddersfield Town club this left-back joined Arsenal in October 1966 in exchange for a £50,000 fee. Was unlucky in his early Highbury days with injuries. Over 200 League games.

PETER STOREY. Made his bow five seasons ago as an inside-forward but switched to full-back until making a new career this term as a midfield forager. Was an apprentice in May 1961 and turned professional in September 1962. As a youngster he won honours for Surrey Boys and the England schoolboys' eleven.

FRANK McLINTOCK. Started his career with Shawfield Juniors and joined Leicester City at 17. Made his début two years later against Blackpool and in October 1964 was signed by Arsenal in exchange for £80,000. Was originally a midfield player but has switched to pivot and skipper. Scottish Under-23 and 23 full caps.

PETER SIMPSON. Became an Arsenal ground staff boy in May 1960 and after a spell as an apprentice was signed as a professional in April 1962. Made his début against Chelsea in 1963–64 and has been on the fringe of international recognition. A product of Norfolk Boys he acts as extra cover in defence.

GEORGE ARMSTRONG. Was originally an inside-forward but switched to the wing after signing for Arsenal following trials in August 1961. Made his League début at 17 against Blackpool in February 1962 and has completed over 250 appearances in the First Division. A County Durham product with Under-23 honours.

GEORGE GRAHAM. Began his career with Aston Villa who transferred him to Chelsea. Came to Arsenal in October 1966 in the Tommy Baldwin deal which also involved £50,000. Has been honoured at youth and Under-23 level by his native Scotland. Was usually regarded as a striker in his early days but is a schemer these days.

JOHN RADFORD. A product of Yorkshire youth football he became an Arsenal apprentice in October 1962 and turned to the professional ranks in February 1964. Was first capped for England against Rumania two seasons ago, after making appearances for the Under-23 and Football League sides. Effective in the air.

RAY KENNEDY. After being rejected by Port Vale following his apprenticeship he linked up with Arsenal similarly and as a professional in 1969. The youngest member of the side at 19 he has been frequently among the scorers this term. Came on as substitute against Anderlecht in the Fairs Cup Final to score.

CHARLIE GEORGE. Out for most of the season with an ankle injury he came back to win a place in the Cup run. Was an Arsenal apprentice after starring with Islington Schools. Became a full-time professional in February 1968 and made his League début in August 1969 against Everton. Striker or schemer.

EDDIE KELLY. Honoured by the Scottish Under-23 side this term he previously made his name with Arsenal during 1969–70. A product of the Possilpark YMCA junior side in Glasgow he linked up at Highbury in August 1967 and became a professional at 17 in February 1968. Plays in a wing-half midfield role.

JON SAMMELS. Hails from the Ipswich area but has had no other club but Arsenal. Was an apprentice from January 1961 and a professional after July 1962. Also made his League début v. Blackpool in April 1963 and scored, too. Has been honoured at youth, Under-23 and League level as an inside-forward.

PETER MARINELLO. Cost £100,000 when Arsenal signed him from Hibernian in January 1970 but has never commanded a regular place as a winger. Has been awarded Scottish Under-23 honours and was developed by the Salvesen BC until he went to Easter Road in 1966. Reserve form has doubled the gates.

JOHN ROBERTS. Welsh Under-23 international who deputised early season for the injured Peter Simpson. Began his career with Swansea Town and later moved to Northampton Town. Signed by Arsenal in April 1969 he has been used in both attack and defence, but is best suited to the extra cover role.

Chris Lawler of Liverpool heads past Stoke City goalkeeper Gordon Banks.

VIENNA VICTORY BOOSTS HUNGARY

by LESLIE VERNON

IN Rotterdam, 1-3, in Vienna 2-0—Hungarian football is still dangerously perched on the end of a see-saw. The only comforting feature of this wild variation in the standard of performance is that the more important match was won.

Many people thought it unwise to face such strong opposition as Feyenoord so early in the season, but manager Hoffer refuted these fears, saying that he needs at least two really testing warm-up games before the vital European Championship match v. France.

The line-up at Rotterdam, quaintly labelled "Budapest-selected", included provincials, the talented linkman Repas (Salgotarjan), Halmosi (Szombathely), and signalled the return of Kelmen, Szucs and Albert.

Flori, in the enforced absence of Bene, played as a target-man in the middle of the forward line—a role for which he is totally unsuited. Bicskei, the Honved 'keeper, couldn't deal with high balls lobbed into the goalmouth, the full-backs mistimed their tackles, and the midfield trio lacked experience and invention.

Experience

The European Cup holders ran out easy 3-1 winners with goals by Van Hanegem, Laseroms and Israel. Szucs got the consolation goal with a speculative shot from 35 yards. Hoffer had to make changes for the game against the old enemy Austria, and in most cases he opted for experience.

Albert, getting his 70th cap, was delegated to form the "wedge" with Bene in front of a four-man middle line. E. Dunai of Ujpesti Dozsa and Kocsis were propped up with the No. 7 Fazekas and the No. 11 Zambo, just as Ball and Peters operate for England in the jerseys usually reserved for wingers.

In defence, Nosko replaced Kelemen, and the young Vidats was preferred to Szucs as sweeper between the experienced Meszoly and Pancsics. Rothermel in goal completed the team which faced this Austrian national eleven: Rettensteiner; Sturmberger; Fak, Hof, Schmidradner, Kriess; Starek, Ettmayer; Kreuz, Leitner II, Gallos.

Twenty seconds after Kamber, the Swiss referee, whistled the play on, Bene went through the Austrian defence, but miscued his shot from 12 yards. Thus Hungary lost a great opportunity to dominate matters, and the first period developed into a hard-fought, well-balanced affair.

Alertness

Meszoly had to go off after 14 minutes with a leg injury—Pancsics took over in the middle, and Peter Juhasz, the young Dozsa full-back, came in to play in his first full international. In the 70th minute Kriess failed to clear the ball when harassed by Fazekas — Bene pounced with his customary alertness and the Magyars were one up.

Six minutes from the end, Rettensteiner's goal-kick was picked up by the same forward about 40 yards out and the Dozsa ace, taking a leaf out of Pelé's book, volleyed the ball straight into the unguarded net.

Georges Boulogne, the French team manager, was at the game "spying" on their next EC opponents, and wasn't over-impressed. "It was a very tough game, the Hungarians won by playing power-football. Bene is a great player and I thought Zambo also had an excellent game."

Power-football? The Hungarians? Georges, mon vieux, you must be kidding, or if you are not, this is the greatest compliment you could have paid to Hoffer and his coach Kapocsi.

Well, what are the prospects of a successful 1971 for the "dirty" Hungarians? The tactics are right, the approach is correct, but have they got the right blend? In goal, Adam Rothermel (Tatabanya) seems to be the best bet. He kept a clean sheet in two consecutive away fixtures and has the right temperament for the big occasions. Bicskei muffed his chance at Rotterdam, and Geczi is not favoured by the selectors, although he is a very safe, reliable goalkeeper.

Outstanding

The right full-back position is a problem spot. Neither the often crude Nosko, nor the slow-moving Kelemen can be regarded as a permanent occupier. Meszoly, with his outstanding heading ability and wide experience, is a world class centre-back. Pancsics would be a strong challenger, but he is wanted at left-back.

The sweeper job rests between the strong, hard-tackling Szucs, who still suffers from the effects of spending a year out of the game, and Csaba Vidats, the Vasas player. The latter has greater mobility and can be dangerous in the opponent's penalty box. Zambo had his best international up to date in Vienna in a Rivelino role and should keep his place. Fazekas is playing badly at the moment, there might be room for the high-scoring Kozma on the wing. Ede Dunai, Halmosi, Repas and Müller are all mediocre players—willing grafters but nothing more. Kocsis should be the ideal choice in a constructive linkman role, but he lacks application and consistency.

Di Stefano re-signs for Valencia

ALFREDO DI STEFANO, Spain's Manager of the Year, has renewed his contract with Valencia, although the original agreement still has three months to run.

When he took over the irregular Valencia side last July (and guided them to the Cup Final) there was a big question-mark hanging over him. After his fiasco with Elche many doubted his ability as a manager and felt the great triumph he achieved with Boca Juniors was the result of the previous manager's work.

But Di Stefano completely routed his critics ... and built a team that (whatever their final position) is one of the most powerful in the country.

Valencia's president, Don Julio de Miguel, offered him a new two-year open extension ... and told him to fill in his own terms.

Increased terms

Max Merkel, Seville's widely discussed and much criticised manager, hints he will not be with the Andalusian club after June.

"I am a manager with illusion ... and if reinforcements I consider are necessary to make Seville a championship side are not forthcoming, I shall return to Munich," says Merkel.

We heard similar kite flying last season ... in the end Merkel renewed his contract on increased terms! This season things are not quite so rosy for the Austrian "tough guy". President D. Cisneros Palacios says "Talks will continue until his contract expires" ... but it is no secret that Seville have already been in contact with three other famous managerial personalities.

Miguel Muñoz, Real Madrid's chief? Critics say he will go. But there's not a chance. He's there until he *wants* to leave.

And Vic Buckingham (Barcelona). The Englishman has done a wonderful job since he arrived 18 months ago, but he's a sick man. Don't be surprised if he decides to leave football altogether.

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JAMES GOES FROM THE MAIL

IN a laudably ferocious article in *The Times* last March, Bernard Levin, attacking the closure of the *Sketch* (*alleged*) and the (*alleged*) survival of the *Daily Mail*, wrote: "But also (*sic*) every expert has gone, almost every specialist, almost every foreign correspondent, almost every *Mail* journalist noted for thinking before taking the cover off his typewriter." He lists a number of names, but one did not find among them that of Brian James, for some years past the *Mail's* admirable football correspondent, who was among those not asked to remain.

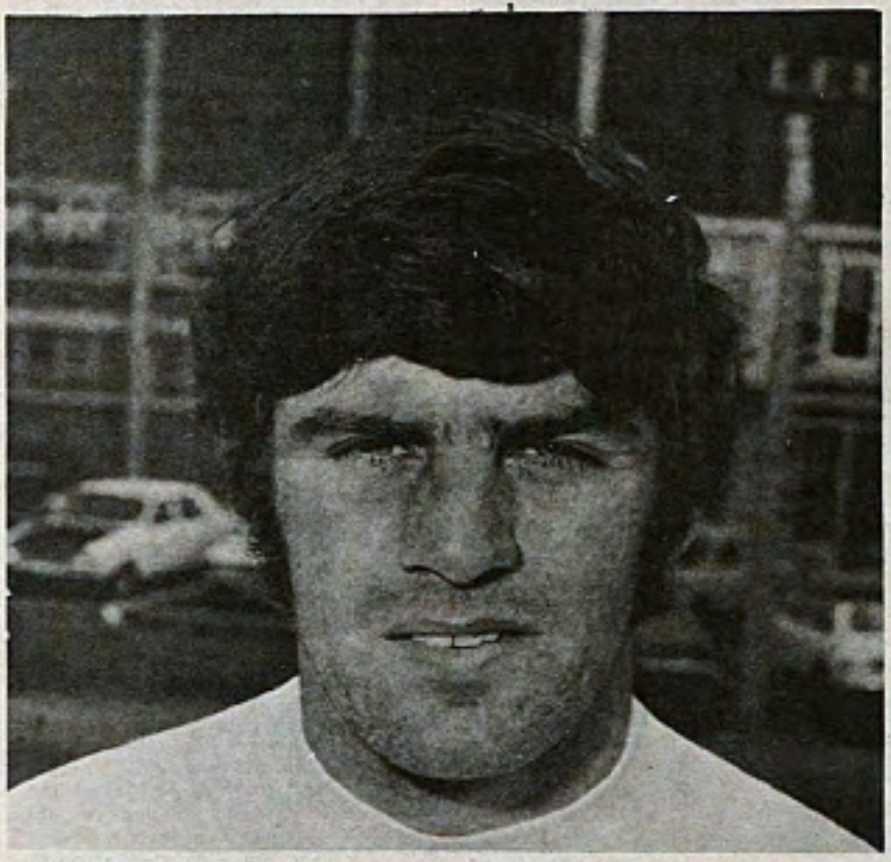
It was a decision which took the breath away. In the slow, difficult task of responding to the new dimensions and realities of football and its public, of building a bridge between the old school of popular sports journalism and "quality" journalism, no one had done more than James. He was beyond question a strength and an adornment to a newspaper which badly needed him; the more so as it had jettisoned its controversial but always much read sports columnist, J. L. Manning.

'It was a decision which took the breath away'

Apparently there was a feeling here and there, in the hierarchy of the newspaper, as reconstituted, that James's writing was too involved. This is a criticism I myself would have applied to it a couple of years ago, when the birth pangs of a new style, the traumas of leaving behind the easy clichés of popular sports journalism for something more ambitious, led to a passing coagulation. But in my opinion, Brian James very successfully emerged from that half-way house, and its sententiousness, to write sensible, intelligent, lucid, honest criticism of the kind his readers must greatly have appreciated: as I did. With all deference to those who have remained behind, it is hard to say who, automatically, could fill his place and function.

Restriction

The Times itself, meanwhile, has puzzled some of its readers, and even, perhaps, its contributors, by the draconian restriction of the space it allots to covering sport. On many a Monday, its football reports appear without even the elementary clarification of a score-line. This is the more ironic when its greatly respected chief football correspondent is Geoffrey Green, who showed us all the



Peter Lorimer, a fortunate goal against Blackpool for Leeds recently.

Gordon Banks (right) with Chelsea goalkeeper Peter Bonetti and referee Roger Kirkpatrick.

way, when we were very young and aspiring.

The Editor of *The Times* has made it clear that he is after the well educated, intelligent young for its readership, the under-35s with A levels. But this meritocratic segment of the population is characterised, surely, by its lively interest in sport, its desire to read about football, and the rest, in depth and decent prose; which is precisely what *The Times* is capable of giving it.

If *The Times*, on the basis of market research, has decided that sport does not "sell" the paper, I am surprised, disappointed, but reluctantly prepared to accept it. Meanwhile, I remain puzzled ... and unconvinced.

Contradiction

Can there be a similar, more fatuous, surviving law than that of being "played onside"? In its very essence, it is a contradiction in terms, an affront to logic, for how can a player conceivably be played onside unless he was first offside; in which case he should surely have been given offside in the first place?

I remember, a season or two ago, Gordon Banks being fiercely indignant in the Stoke City team coach, after a match his club had just lost to just such a goal, at Chelsea. Two incidents, which followed hard on one another's heels, in March served further to underline the fiasco of it all.

On the Saturday, Peter Suddaby, the young Oxford Blue now playing for Blackpool, ill advisedly decided to pass back to Ramsbottom, his goalkeeper, during a match at home to Leeds. The unhappy fellow had not noticed Peter Lorimer, lurking with intent, and Lorimer, no doubt with a muffled thank you, put the ball in, for Leeds' equaliser. In vain was it for the frantic Blackpool players to point out to the referee that the linesman's flag was up. He ignored it, as he was perfectly entitled to do, and the goal stood.

Cannoned

Three days later, the Spurs were at home to Liverpool in the Cup, and, in the first half, were giving the visiting goal a fine old pasting. At one point, Martin Chivers shot, and the ball, striking a Liverpool defender, cannoned to Martin Peters, clearly in an offside position. Peters put the ball in the net, but the linesman's flag was up and Mr. Gordon Hill, the referee, instantly gave him offside. Again, and here we see the anomaly and confusion of it all, it was impossible to quarrel with him. Peters *had* been offside; before he was played on.

You will no doubt have noticed that the two incidents were not quite on all fours, the first being much more clear cut than the other. Suddaby, after all, had tried quite definitely to pass back, the Liverpool defender, whoever he was, had merely been in the way. Qualitatively, I am prepared to admit, there was a large difference between the incidents, but the actual rules take no account of this. Whatever the intention or the lack of it, Peters was just as concretely played onside as was Peter Lorimer.

It is hard to see how the law, in so far as one is prepared to accept it at all, could be otherwise, for questions of intent are terribly hard to decide; most of all when they must be decided on the spot. Did a player mean to put the ball back, or did it merely hit him? Not an easy one, especially if a miskick, rather than a mere rebound, was involved.

The object of this strange law, presumably, was to see that a defending team, exploiting the offside trap, could not have it both ways; that if it put an opponent offside, it could not also have the luxury of passing back to its own goalkeeper. But any moral claim it may have on validity surely goes by the board, given its inconsistent application.

Flagging

For the referee is in a hopeless quandary. He may blow up to give a player offside, only for the ball, a split second later, to reach that player via an opponent. Another referee, waiting fractionally longer, would have allowed the player to go on. As for the linesman, the fact that his flag was or wasn't up should really have nothing to do with the case. In flagging a player offside, he is simply doing his duty which is, in a word, that of advising the referee. It is for the referee, that's to say, to decide whether that player was interfering with the play; or, for that matter, whether he had in the meantime been played onside, having been offside.

The contradictions implicit in the rule are so many that it is amazing to me it should have survived so long. The sooner it is banished to oblivion, the better; a consummation which, no doubt, Peter Suddaby will wish more devoutly than anybody.

DOBIAS WINS CZECH AWARD

CZECHOSLOVAK Footballer of the Year for 1970 is Karol Dobias, the Spartak Trnava right-back who starred in Mexico. His club, two points clear when the game gave way to the winter break, appear to have the title race well in hand. While their nearest challengers in the autumn were Banik Ostrava, the miners' club collected only one point in three games after the resumption and left Trnava almost alone.

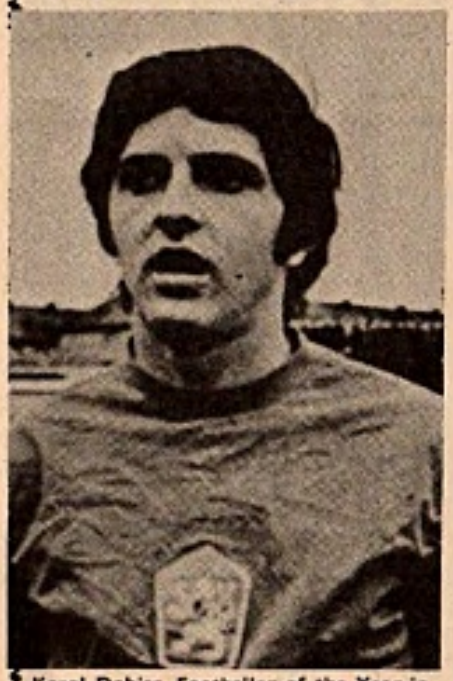
Beating bottom of the table Skoda Pilzen 5-1 at the 18th round, Trnava stretched their lead over the field to five points before a very difficult visit to neighbours VSS Kosice. A 0-2 defeat was not unexpected for Kosice have a formidable team and are particularly strong at home, but another Slovak side, Trinec, gave Ostrava a 4-2 beating to leave Trnava with their five-point lead intact.

Material

Ostrava and Kosice now share the same peg, while a point away (and six behind Trnava) are two more challengers, Teplice and Sparta Prague.

In reality Sparta give no indication of being championship material though the other Prague clubs are faring badly. Slavia, anxious to celebrate their 75th anniversary, have had a worrying time unable to score goals while the big problem for Dukla has been to plug the holes in their defence.

Ladislav Petras, prolific Czech goal-scorer who has been banned by the Czech FA after being sent off in a league match.



Karol Dobias, Footballer of the Year in Czechoslovakia.

Anxious

Fortunately for both clubs, Skoda Pilzen and Gottwaldov appear to be firmly fixed at the bottom, acting as a buffer against the drop, and Slavia did manage a 3-0 win over Zilina before an anxious crowd of 13,000. Later they picked up another fortunate point when drawing 0-0 with Dukla. The Army club received reinforcements during the winter with the call-up of two experienced internationals Masek (Sparta) and Hrdlicka (Slovan Bratislava).

After being without a national team manager for seven months, the newly formed FA Council have appointed the ex-Dukla star, left-back Ladislav Novak. Novak, 39, quit Dukla three years ago to join Division II Jablonec and became manager only 18 months ago. A popular choice, Novak gained 75 full caps (a national record) as a player, the highlight being the Czechs' appearance in the 1962 World Cup final in Chile.

Sporting lack a regular scorer

PORTUGUESE champions Sporting Lisbon have led the way for the greater part of the current campaign in spite of a certain inefficiency in front of goal. Lacking a regular scorer they have have been forced to play very tight at the back and succeeded in keeping the goals-against figure down to 14 in 24 games.

Meanwhile, unable to find a Portuguese player to solve their problem they engaged two expensive South Americans —Mosquera (from Peru) and Yazalde from Argentina. Neither of these imported players, successful strikers at home, appear to have the fast reactions demanded in the sharper European game.

Optimistic

Five games from home Tommy Docherty's FC Porto took a creditable 2-0 win away to Varzim, who have a consistently good home record, and prompted the former Chelsea boss to proclaim "we shall be champions". Presumably, knowing that Sporting were faltering and with a home date against them to come he really felt optimistic. The next weekend Sporting paid a visit to Porto and crashed 0-1 to Boavista and next day FC Porto squandered a chance to draw level when they let a home point slip away in a goal-less draw with Academica. If that was unfortunate the next Porto match was a disaster with leading scorer Lemos being sent off and ten men taking a 1-0 defeat from CUF.

Meanwhile Benfica and their English manager, Jimmy Hagan, had profited and with four successive victories, elevated themselves into a fine position. Docherty's Porto succeeded in controlling Sporting and beat them 2-1, but with two games to play Benfica lead Sporting by two points and Porto by three.

At the relegation end of the table are Vitoria Guimaraes almost booked for the drop after gaining only two victories in 24 games. Two years ago Guimaraes made a real challenge for the title under Brazilian coach Jorge Vieira but his dissatisfied directors fired him. Hovering above them are Barreirense and Leixoes; neither side are strangers to Division II, both having been up and down several times since the war.

Tough full-back Aguirre Suarez (right) is still there for Estudiantes, but many other stalwarts, including coach Zubeldia, have gone.

Players' strike threat before the kick-off

ERIC WEIL reports from ARGENTINA

THE Argentine football season got off to an uneasy start with the Players' Union threatening strike action in protest of the FA's decision to lower the number of professional contracts registered by each club from 25 to 20—a decision the FA decided to maintain in spite of the Labour Ministry's order not to make any changes.

Clubs were already arranging to field amateur teams and, in fact, the first game, between San Lorenzo and Gimnasia y Esgrima de La Plata, which had been brought forward to Friday evening for TV, was played between amateur teams. Then, on Saturday, the FA agreed to leave things as they were while they studied the situation further, while the professionals also took heed of several clubs' threats to suspend them if they didn't turn out and Sunday's opening programme of the Metropolitan First Division Championship was played between full strength teams.

Strengthen

The internal transfer market had been quieter than ever, because there just wasn't any money around. Naturally no foreign players were bought and most clubs endeavoured to strengthen their sides by snapping up discards from other clubs on a free transfer.

Boca Juniors, once the big buyers but lately the most stable of teams, made just one big buy—winger Tarabini from Independiente for £13,000—which, however, set the internal transfer record for the season. River Plate were the biggest spenders, paying out £36,000 for Pignani (Gimnasia y Esgrima), Della Savia (Quilmes) and Bulla (Platense), which, again is very little by European standards.

To get much needed cash to make ends meet, several clubs had to place big-name players with foreign clubs. Surprisingly the majority, internationals, Albrecht (San Lorenzo), Willington (Velez Sarsfield), Conigliaro (Estudiantes), Carone (Racing) among them, hit the Mexico trail. In all 14 players went to Mexico, but the biggest transfer was that of international forward, Yazalde (Independiente), to Lisbon Sporting for £46,000, topped only sometime earlier by that of goalkeeper Cejas (Racing) to Santos for £48,000.

As a result, Argentine soccer, not for the first time, lost a lot of talent. Independiente, the big club with most financial difficulties, sold international forward trio Tarabini, Yazalde and Bernao (the latter to Colombia), yet after three games they top the table again as the only club with full points.

Sensation

There was also less movement of coaches, or "technical directors" as they are called here. Osvaldo Zubeldia, most famous of Argentina's coaches at home, caused the sensation by re-signing for Estudiantes de La Plata at a lower salary than the year before. On the eve of the season, however, he had a disagreement with club officials, handed in his resignation and within 24 hours he had been engaged as Huracan's coach.

Thus, with Zubeldia's departure, the retirement of Madero and Bilardo, the transfer of Polêtti (to Huracan), Errea, Conigliaro, Solari and others, the era of Estudiantes de La Plata (holders of the South American Club Championship for the last three years and World Champions in 1968 when they beat Manchester United) seems to have come to an end, although they still hold the South American trophy and have a very promising reserve team.

At the same time it looks as if Zubeldia's magic may at last put Huracan—the only one of the big six clubs never in the honours fight—among the big-time at last.

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Pele chalks up his 1,000th game

PELE, the greatest footballer the world has ever known, has passed another milestone of his illustrious career. In a recent friendly in Paramaribo (Surinam) he played his 1,000th first-class match as a professional!

Pelé's début took place at Santo André on September 7, 1956, when he came on as substitute at half-time of a game won by Santos 7-1. It will be recalled that on November 19, 1969, he already celebrated his 1,000th goal, which means that he averages more than a goal per match! In this jubilee game in which Santos defeated Surinam's champions Transvaal by 4-1, Pelé scored from a penalty—the other goals came from Edu (two) and Arlam.

The total of games he has played also means that the "Black Prince" of soccer, having started full-time some 14 years ago, has on average performed in 70 matches per season! Here is the division of his incredible record:

Team	Games
Santos FC	863
Brazilian national side	90
Select XIs	18
Representative XI—Sao Paulo State	13
Combined XI Santos – Vasco da Gama	4
Players' Union XI	2
Army team	10
Total	1,000

Pele (centre) pictured playing for Santos against Pointe-A-Pitro. Pele scored the first of Santos' two goals.

Sensational

This amazing man, already responsible for so many sensational events on and off the field, has sprung his recent bombshell with the announcement that he intends to make the international v. Austria on July 11, his last for the national team. The 30-year-old star stated that he wants to spend more time with his family, which includes a son and daughter.

He will, however, stay with his club Santos for at least another three years. It would be a great pity if this decision should be final, for Pelé would then miss his 100th cap—not to mention the next World Cup series, for which Brazil as holders are automatically qualified.

His resolve to carry on with Santos is interesting since it is no secret that this club are the deepest in debt in Brazil. The question is whether Santos can afford to keep Pelé—or strictly speaking: Can Pelé afford to stay with Santos? It is really a puzzle why such a world-famous and certainly the most popular club in the world, who are constantly touring overseas and collect handsome financial guarantees in the process, should be so badly organised.

Perhaps some of these problems will shortly be solved, now that the president has been toppled. His successor's first task was to try to persuade the national team captain Carlos Alberto not to leave the club. But the famous full-back left to join Botafogo who gave Santos three players in exchange: Rogerio, Moreira and Feretti. Incidentally, on their North and Central American tour no directors or board members accompanied the party, but three officials flew with Santos to Europe!

Symbol

The Santos FC owes its world fame above all to Pelé. Otherwise the word Santos is a symbol in itself, since this name appears on all coffee-sacks which leave Brazil. For Santos is a port and it boasts the greatest turnover of goods in South America. But since the soccer star Pelé became known beyond Santos and the Sao Paulo region, a wave of success has swept the Santos Football Club to the forefront of world soccer. Yet this club had to wait 23 years, after being founded, for its first championship title and then another 20 for its next.

Santos is the oldest club in the city, established on April 14, 1912, by Raimundo Marques, Mario Ferraz de Campos and Argemiro de Souza. Already a year later, its team gained promotion to the 1st Sao Paulo League, from which it has never been relegated. But only since 1955 has the Santos FC belonged to the top outfits of the country.

Many titles and trophies have become their property on a scale comparable only with Real Madrid's glorious achievements, incidentally in the very same period. Since 1957 Santos played some 500 international games, of which more than 200 were abroad. Merely a sixth had been defeats, alongside over 350 victories and roughly 50 draws.

Incredibly, though, in a country with the biggest football stadiums in the world, Santos play in the "Estadio Vila Belmiro" which holds only 18,000. That is why they stage their big games in the Pacembu stadium in Sao Paulo. But this is not regarded as a handicap. Because they can rarely play hosts, Santos have captured the support in two cities!

After the launching of Pelé and his sensational displays in the 1958 World Cup in Sweden, the club have acquired the nickname "Pelé's Clube". When the "king" can't play, then Santos are only half the team—it is said here, and accordingly only half the usual crowd turn up! But how long will Santos live from the glory of one man? Already in 1969, most experts detected a steady

DUTCH SHOCK!

SENSATIONAL news from Holland! Thirteen of the 50 league teams in Holland are to be expelled. The Dutch Football League came to this conclusion after extensive market research (writes HANS MOLENAAR).

The Dutch league does not want to wait until clubs are forced to withdraw from the competition through financial difficulties. Instead, the league will announce the names of the unlucky 13.

Next season Holland will have only first and second divisions and it is intended to merge some clubs. Last year DOS, Elinkwijk and Velo—all from Utrecht—were amalgamated into FC Utrecht, now one of the strongest clubs in the country.

Special meaning

In Amsterdam, talks will be held between representatives of clubs like DWS, Blauw Wit and De Volewijckers. In The Hague talks have been staged between officials of ADO and Holland Sport, both first division clubs, but they broke down. The directors of Holland Sport wanted a new name for the club—FC The Hague—while ADO wished to retain their title because of its special meaning in Holland.

ADO, former champions, were founded in 1900, while Holland Sport only came into being in 1954 when professional football started in Holland.

However, 13 clubs will have to disappear. Nobody yet knows how although it is agreed that this operation is necessary to make the remaining clubs stronger.

In the race of the league championship in Holland, Ajax and Feyenoord are still battling it out at the top. It was sometime before these two reached the top, because clubs like FC Twente of Enschede, PSV of Eindhoven, Sparta of Rotterdam and ADO of The Hague made the early running. Gradually, however, Ajax and Feyenoord worked their way through the field and after 24 of the 34-game programme, each had 37 points.

Ernst Happel (right) was recently seen in Austria and the rumours started but he has signed a new contract with Feyenoord.

Ajax have had a hard season, winning through to the semi-finals of the European Cup in addition to their domestic exploits. Feyenoord have yet to reach their peak and were lucky to win some of their early matches.

New players

Coach Ernst Happel waited a long time before signing a new contract . . . and only put pen to paper after Feyenoord had agreed to finance the buying of several new players. First on the agenda is likely to be Horst Koppel, from Borussia Moenchengladbach, to replace Ove Kindvall.

Despite their success at club level, the national team continues to flounder somewhat. A 2-0 defeat in Split, against Yugoslavia, ended their European Championship aspirations. Feyenoord defender Israel and Ajax star Johan Cruyff both missed this important tie through illness.

Cruyff is still transfer listed at £125,000 and if the Spanish ban on imported players is lifted Cruyff will probably join Barcelona and Vic Buckingham . . . the man who originally discovered him.

deterioration in the overall performances of Santos.

Following the departure of their experienced manager Lula and his right-hand man Julio Mazzei, the club have failed to keep up the customary rate of success. The men who took over, coach Antoninho and his assistant Zito (the famous half-back of the 1958 and 1962 World Cup team) are facing a difficult task trying to raise a new team worthy of its illustrious predecessors. For years Santos have fielded the same eleven, now suddenly they retired, leaving only . . . Pelé.

Finances

Currently the club still boast four internationals in Joel, Clodoaldo, Edu and Pelé. Despite 15 years of almost continuous success, the club's finances are poor and they can't afford to buy star players—even if they were available. Firstly, it is Pelé whose salary plus bonuses swallow most of the profits—understandably since he mainly provides them! Secondly, every Santos player collects between £400–£600 guaranteed fees. In addition, Santos are never home and have therefore larger expenses than most clubs to bear.

Although Santos have only shot to prominence since 1955, they can point to a large number of well-known players discovered in the past like Arnaldo Silveira, Milton, Haroldo, Araken Patusca, Bilu, Feitico, Athie, Ciro, Antoninho (present manager), Formiga, then Zito, Pepé, Mauro (national captain 1962) and Gilmar. The club attach great importance to the development of youngsters and in fact several are current regulars including Edu, Clodoaldo, Manuel Maria, Douglas, and Negreiro. But the search for a new Pelé has so far been in vain.

Championships

Their list of titles must begin with the two unofficial world club championships of 1962 and 1963, plus two South American Cup victories in those same years. Twice Brazilian champions in 1935 and 1955. Eleven times champions of Sao Paulo (1935, 1955, 1956, 1958, 1960 till 1962, 1964, 1965, 1967 and 1968). Five Cup wins in the Taça do Prata (formerly Gomes Pedrosa) and five cup triumphs in the Taça do Brasil (1961 till 1965).

Edu of Santos.

There is no other club whose players travel for so long and so far. They spend roughly 300 days in the year in strange cities. But as long as Pelé is with them, one will talk of Santos and then what? . . .

RONNIE ALLEN, ON THE

'THEY WI FORCE M

RONNIE ALLEN, Atletico Bilbao's brilliant English manager, is on the pillory ... taking the most vicious press campaign ever launched against a football personality. But, his head held defiantly high, he says: "They won't force me out."

The latest crisis—caused through Atletico's 4-0 defeat in Valencia—is the gravest of several Ronnie has faced from the bitter anti-Allen Bilbao press, since he took over the club's management in July, 1969.

Ronnie admits (to me) that he is hard ... but in view of what he has taken during the last two seasons he's proved himself tougher than Clay-Frazier-Cooper and Bugner all rolled into one. But how much can even an Iron Man take?

Legitimate

The Bilbao newspapers have fought with every legitimate weapon ... and with a mighty lot of below the belt stuff, too. Allen can take all the personal attacks, clean or dirty. The press can say what they like about *him*. But once it begins to harm his players, his president and directors and the club, well ... I don't know what might happen.

The whole stupid business (tragedy is probably the better word) is over the legitimate rights of a football manager. Allen prohibited pressmen visiting the dressing rooms and banned player interviews ... the frustrated, dictatorial local press fought back with sarcasm, bitterness, trouble-making, unjustified and stupid criticisms and personal attacks on Allen himself.

But Allen stood by his principles, got on with the job and produced success ... the Cup in 1969 ... League runners-up in 1970 ... and League challengers in 1971. The Board, 20,138 season ticket holders, and the 45,000 crowd at each home match were 100 per cent behind him. The newspapers were merely howling hyenas in the wilderness ... voices everyone ignored.

For a season and three-quarters it was continuous triumphs for Atletico Bilbao ... not always attractive, but triumphs just the same. And all the time the press hyenas, especially the football weeklies, were howling and snapping at the door. But ten weeks from the season's end, while lying second in the league, only one point behind the leaders, fortune turned against Atletico and Ronnie Allen.

Within days five basic first team players were injured. Rojo (a triple fracture), Clemente, Igartau, Aranjuren and Echeberria were all out with serious or lingering injuries. Consequently came a string of reverses, culminating with a 4-0 defeat in Valencia.

This was just what the anti-Allen hyenas were waiting for ... and they pounced with all the vicious invective the human brain could conjure. The

Ronnie Allen, manager of Atletico Bilbao, talking to a visiting reporter.

PILLORY, says...

LL NOT E OUT'

Atletico Bilbao resist pressure from outside to replace their English born manager

from NORMAN CUTLER in Spain

sports paper *Estadio* carried only three words on its front page: "RONNIE. FUERA (Out)! FUERA (Out)!" and wrote "Mr. Allen by his stupid tactics has made the club look ridiculous". (They didn't say that when Atletico beat Real Madrid 5-0 last season.) ... "Sadly he blames everyone, the referees, the long journeys, the Bilbao press and the players. Everyone is at fault, except Mr. Allen himself." (This is completely untrue. Allen blames no one except the injuries to his players.)

Another newspaper, *Vasconia Express*, wrote: "Atletico's performance in Valencia was lamentable. Offensively impotent. Defensively broken and only 40 per cent physically fit." (Nothing about side crippled by injuries and with five reserves!)

Vicious

Hierro said: "When goalkeeper Iribar fails, the side doesn't exist and results become a farce. The fault is Allen's." (Allen's fault that Iribar was off form? He gave away three easy goals against Valencia and two more three days later when playing for Spain against France in an international match.)

And to show how vicious the attacks really were: "England must have been very hard up for players to cap Allen." ... "However did Allen manage to score goals for West Bromwich?" ... and "The Gods, not Allen, must have taken Wolverhampton into the first division".

Yes, the anti-Allen hyenas had a field day ... but hardly unopposed. The newspapers hadn't been on the streets an hour before the club made an official statement through their general secretary. He said: "Nothing has changed ... there is no motive at all for any decision. We lost, nothing more ... and the club takes defeat with dignity and sportsmanship. Sometimes things go well, other times badly. Our supporters understand this. Mr. Allen? No comment is necessary ... he's our manager."

Interviewed in his city apartment a few hours after the onslaught, I flew in to see him, Ronnie was hard and unsmiling as ever ... but coldly calm, unperturbed and relaxed.

"I've read all the criticisms, but am simply ignoring them. They are stupid and foolish and come from men who know nothing about the game or the club. It's just that defeat in Valencia provided the opportunity for which these writers have been waiting 18 months.

"They call for my resignation. Well, I'm just not resigning. I'm not frightened by the Bilbao press, nor are they going to force me out. I'm here, at least until the end of my contract (June 30, 1972).

"The president (D. Felix Oraa) and the directors are with me 100 per cent. They understand the situation perfectly and see no reason for even minor changes. Atletico Bilbao is a great club, knows what it wants and where it is going. We are all working together to that end. The players? I need make no comment about them ... they and I are one.

Intelligent

"The Bilbao public? They are the most intelligent crowd in football, are completely loyal to me and appreciate why the team has not progressed as we hoped."

Ronnie went on: "Only the Bilbao press are against me simply because I refuse to kotow to them. They want to dominate me and the club. They want to bring pressure on my work and methods. Dictation from them, or anyone else, I will not accept and will fight anyone who attempts to intimidate me with absurdities and insincerity. Meanwhile I shall continue working, as always, without thought of hostile individuals, for the club and the team, in whom I believe and respect."

And when Ronnie says "working" he means just that. He performed a miracle when almost overnight he halted the club's alarming slide ... guiding them back to their traditional place among Spain's Big Five. Although satisfying, this situation is not the end of their ambition. They want to be Spain's Number One club as they were 50 years ago ... and Allen has assured President Oraa they could be, by 1972.

That seemed, at the time, to be a rash promise. But the progress of the Reconstruction Plan, which Allen directs, has been just as miraculous as their recovery. In the summer of 1969 they bought land in the Valley of Asua, eight miles from Estadio San Mames. Today just over a year after construction began, their golden dream "The Atletico Sports City" is very much a reality.

Extensive

Three all-weather football pitches, an athletic track, extensive gymnasiums and a modern medical centre are already in use. And Allen's "co-ordination of player development" is in operation with an infantile group, three juvenile sides, a regional team., Third Division Bilbao Atletico and the League side all using Allen's overall modern training and coaching methods, operated by a specially selected team of six.

Two hundred players (amateurs and professional) are under contract or associated officially with the club and are being continuously developed through the various stages to League standard.

Already two Allen-Plan juveniles have been registered with the League side ... 19-year-old full-back, Augustin Guisasola (described in Madrid as one of Spain's four discoveries of the year), and Angel Rojo, 20-year-old brother of Atletico's international winger. Both have played heroes' parts in the League side since the injury epidemic struck Atletico.

Ronnie Allen tells me: "There are more like these on the way ... that's the reason I ask for patience and why the president's dream for Atletico will be realised sooner than people realise."

And so, although pilloried by a petty, frustrated press, Ronnie Allen calmly carries on knowing that whatever happens in the future, he saved a club from disaster and put them back among Spain's great clubs.

from
HENRY BRINCAT

Malta's date at Wembley

EVERYONE in Malta still remembers with pride the three European championship matches the national side played in October, December, 1970, and February, 1971. These three days were perhaps the brightest in the history of Maltese soccer, particularly February 3, when tiny Malta held mighty England to a meagre 1-0 defeat at the Stadium, Gzira.

Nobody expected Malta to put up such a creditable performance against the ex-world champions. Everyone here in Malta is still mentioning that particular game when attendance records in Malta were broken with an all-capacity crowd of 30,000. Everyone still remembers how hard the English professionals had to fight to win that match against the amateurs from tiny Malta.

Part-timers

For the first time in Malta's soccer history, our part-timers were called upon by the local football association to prepare seriously for a particular match. They worked hard together for the final ten days before the match, and when the occasion came at last, they proved that "where there is a will there is a way".

Already, in October and December, 1970, Malta had drawn against Greece and lost foolishly to Switzerland by the odd goal in three, but the match against England was the greatest satisfaction for every Maltese. We are really proud of those 11 players who wore the red jerseys and played their hearts out in nearly achieving a miracle, as Sir Stanley Matthews, now a Maltese resident, had said before the match.

This month Malta will be facing England again, this time at Wembley stadium for the second-leg match. The Maltese lads have been preparing hard since the beginning of March as in April they had to play the second leg against the Swiss. For this occasion Malta was given permission by the Italian Football Federation to train at the technical centre in Coverciano, Firenze, and it is hoped that the same be done for the match against England. This will give tremendous help to our amateurs as they have rarely played an international away from home, besides having to play on turf, as they are used to playing on hard grounds covered with sand.

The match at Wembley is creating a great deal of interest, not only in Malta but also among the many thousands who have migrated to England during the past years. We have had the news that the Maltese League in London will be doing its utmost best to give the local lads a wonderful welcome. They are also guaranteeing their best support to the Malta team when they play England at Wembley, and besides those in England, other supporters will be coming from Malta through the many chartered flights which are going to be organised in May.

Coach Carm. Borg will intensify the training programme of his players during the final days before the match. All the players have attended training sessions regularly and all of them are hoping to strike their best form for this match, which, by many of them, will be recalled as the match of their lives.

Our hopes lie mainly on the form of four of our players who have some experience of international football. These are goalkeeper Alfred Mizzi, midfield player Eddie Theobald and strikers Ronnie Cocks and veteran Joe Cini.

Long period

Alfred Mizzi is considered as one of the best goalies in Malta. He has been playing for the national team for quite a long period now, and it seems that he strikes his best form when he plays away from home, his European Cup commitments with Hibs against Real Madrid and Atletico in Spain and against Manchester United in England bearing proof of this.

Eddie Theobald is another Hibs player. One of the best players ever produced by a local club, Eddie is brilliant in midfield, his ball control being first class. He is undoubtedly one of the best players at present in Malta, having also acquired much experience when playing for his club against famous European teams in the European Championships.

Another star player is winger Ronnie Cocks, considered to be the most dangerous forward in Malta when at his best. He plays for one of the leading clubs in Malta, Sliema Wanderers. Some seasons ago he travelled to the United States, where he played with Pittsburg. He returned to Malta and played for Sliema in many European Cup commitments. At present, it is being rumoured that Cocks is being offered another contract to play for another North American soccer club, and Sliema are asking a fee of around £10,000.

Malta goalkeeper Mizzix saves from England centre-half Roy McFarland and centre-forward Martin Chivers.

With his goalkeeper beaten, Japan's stopper Ogi clears from the line against Australia's St. George-Budapest in a match which ended 0–0. Photo by courtesy of Mainichi Shimbun, Tokyo.

TRIUMPH IN TOKYO

ANDREW DETTRE, Sydney, Australia

PERHAPS the most noteworthy Australian achievement in the last two months has been the triumphant Asian tour by the leading Sydney club, St. George-Budapest. Between the end of February and March 22, they played seven matches in Macao, Hong Kong and Japan, winning six and drawing only one.

I was fortunate enough to travel with the team—and just as well. Otherwise I wouldn't have been able to believe how an Australian club team, even if studded with stars, could possibly rate so high in international soccer.

The first match against the makeshift, amateur Macao was a cakewalk for St. George even though they had to play a mere two hours after an all-night flight to Hong Kong and then a soul-shattering hydrofoil trip. They won 6-1 with a sleepy display—and were cheered up only when told that last year the great Benfica managed only a meagre 3-0 at the same ground.

Sensations

In Hong Kong the Sydney "Saints" exploded against the fully professional Jardines, sweeping them aside with a superb 6-2. Hong Kong's 1970 champions had not been so badly beaten for years and some of the Australian tourists —notably Adrian Alston, Alan Ainslie, Don Sandell and Ottie Abonyi, were promptly hailed as the sensations of the match.

From Hong Kong the trail to Japan where St. George were to take part in the Tokyo International Tournament, sponsored by the large Asahi newspaper group. In the first match St. George played a 0-0 draw with Japan's A team in a match the Aussies should have won by three clear goals. And this wasn't just my biased opinion: Japan's brilliant manager-coach, Shun Okano, freely admitted it himself. St. George had some eight clear-cut chances to score not to mention an appeal for a penalty when Ottie Abonyi was hacked down inside the box.

In their next tournament game St. George came up against the Danish Boldklubben Frem — and slaughtered them 3-0, much to the astonishment of all, particularly the Danes. Towards the end of the match the Australians were toying with the opposition and, with a little luck, could have added at least three more to the score.

In the final match, St. George again vibrated and pulsated: they downed Japan's B team 6-2. Had the Japanese goalie Funamoto been in less brilliant form, the Saints could have doubled the score.

With these results the underdogs, St. George, won the tournament, giving Australian soccer its most splendid international success. In between the Tokyo matches, all played in the Olympic Stadium, St. George also played two friendly matches. In Hiroshima they beat Japan's 1970 champions Toyo Kogyo 3-2 and at Omiya they licked the tough FC Hitachi 2-1.

I must stress that the organisation of the tournament and the tremendous hospitality of our Japanese hosts were out of this world. The Aussies were mobbed wherever they went by hundreds of youngsters, while complete strangers showered presents on them. As for the Japanese Association, they couldn't have possibly done more to cement relations between the two countries: Dr. Nozu, Mr. Ono, Mr. Okano, Mr. Naganuma and the various Hiroshima officials will be long remembered by all of us.

The highly successful tour brings two questions to mind. When Brazil issues the invitations to next year's "Little World Cup", can they possibly choose anybody but Australia from the Asian-Oceanic zone? Last year our national team beat Israel in Tel Aviv; in 1969 Australia eliminated Japan and South Korea from the World Cup and this time St. George chalked up further impressive results, proving once more that soccer in the antipodes is bounding ahead fast.

The other question is: why don't other leading Australian clubs also undertake similar tours? I am sure that at least three or four teams could achieve fair to excellent results and not only in Asia but also in Europe.

PELE IN HONG KONG

Pele, pictured in Hong Kong.

THE King was emphatic. He would not be in the Brazil team in West Germany in 1974. "That's definite," he twice repeated.

Just 48 hours after Pelé made his announcement here he was named in the squad from which the world champions will eventually select the team to defend the title in Germany.

Pelé, soccer's greatest superstar, was accorded a welcome befitting a king when he visited Hong Kong for ten days last month. With his Santos team-mates he played a total of four games—winning them all quite comfortably.

Relaxed

But off the field Pelé was equally dramatic when it came to talking about the future.

Relaxing in his hotel—he turned down the presidential suite to share an ordinary bedroom with a team-mate—he spoke quietly but firmly.

"I will be in Germany in 1974 but not as a footballer with Brazil. I would like to help the team, possibly as an assistant trainer or coach. Again I might go along as an observer for a newspaper or a radio station.

"But I do not want to play in the World Cup again. I would like to stay with Santos for another three seasons and then stop playing.

from ROBIN PARKE

"I want to spend more time with my wife and children. I don't see enough of them with the life I am now leading. That's a very big reason for my decision not to play in Germany," he said.

It would certainly seem that the powers that be in Brazilian football will have a tough task persuading their biggest star to compete in Germany.

Though Pelé stole the limelight during the Santos visit, flying winger Edu—surprisingly dropped from the panel named by the CBD—came in for his share of adulation.

The Hong Kong Football Association outlaid HK$840,000 (about £61,000) for the trip which brought Santos direct from Brazil to the British Colony.

Gamble

But their gamble was well rewarded. Hong Kong's soccer-crazy fans turned out in thousands for all the games and the HKFA ended up with a tidy profit of HK$200,000 (about £15,000). The last game in the four-match series was played for the benefit of the Colony's schoolchildren and youth players who were admitted free of charge.

It was the biggest footballing bonanza in the 50-year-old history of the sport here. It has been the highlight of a season that is definitely the brightest the sport has ever had.

Professional football, with imported players, has caught on after a nervous start and regular gates of 27,000 are ensuring handsome profits for several clubs.

Humbled

The standard of play has gone up dramatically and several well-known European teams have been humbled. Swedish side Djurgaardens, including two World Cup players, were solidly beaten 3-2. Next on the list could be the moderately re-formed Wattens of Austria, due here shortly.

Pressure of domestic fixtures has forced the HKFA to turn down attractive offers from Benfica and FC Cruzeiro, Jairzinho's club in Brazil.

And the Hong Kong FA have decided to enter the World Cup for the first time in their history.

Edu, pictured in action for Santos, was a huge success in Hong Kong.

by ERIC BATTY

European games are becoming stereotyped with the away teams refusing to attack

Competitions in danger

AS a long-term advocate of the European Cup and other international club competitions I have watched with real concern while the two-legged ties have gradually developed into a stereotyped pattern which can be summarised thus: win by two goals or more at home and play a tight defensive game away, looking for a draw or at worst a narrow defeat.

From a technical viewpoint I would be the last to complain about calling everyone back in certain dangerous situations in defence—though I would still prefer to leave one man upfield just on the chance that the possibility of a quick breakaway might crop up. But by the same token I expect an away team to push up with six or seven men when the situation is favourable for a quick counter-attack. When one fails to do this then the game becomes a stalemate and the very essence of the game and its universal appeal is in jeopardy.

This is precisely the situation that has developed in Italy where attendances at league matches have been falling for a decade. Certainly there may be the odd 50, 60 or even 70 thousand crowd for a top of the table clash between two of the giants but the majority of the matches are inevitably bread and butter affairs and everyone knows in advance that *catenaccio* will predominate and the most likely outcome is a goal-less draw or at best 1-0 one way or the other.

Scrambles

It has been said that goals are the life-blood of the game but goals and the goalmouth scrambles, the near-misses and the brilliant finger-tip saves by the goalkeepers can only result from attacking football. If neither side is prepared to attack we get Italian-style football in which the referee and two or three players of either side are given the freedom of two-thirds of the pitch. Meanwhile, at either end of the park, the defences are organised in depth with one and sometimes even two "free-backs" adding extra cover to the tight man-to-man marking system.

In the early years of the European Cup teams certainly played more cautiously away than they did at home but the attitude of the visitors was seldom related to *catenaccio*. Perhaps in those days there were manager-coaches with more confidence in themselves and their players. Whatever the reasons it is a recognisable fact that open football is now taboo for visiting teams and in retrospect I would think that there are two clear points at which the game changed course.

The first was in 1960—with Real Madrid at their peak and just about to go over the hill—and 1963 when the trophy was finally won by an Italian team for the first time.

Figures speak for themselves and in the 1959–60 competition the critical quarter-final, semi-final and final stages produced a barrage of goals and several away winners.

After this came the period of doubt, when confidence seemed to crumble and be replaced by caution. In 1963 AC Milan beat Benfica 2-1 in the Wembley final and this was followed by successive victories for the Italians' neighbours FC Internazionale-Milan. Their second success in 1965 marked an all-time low when playing on their own ground in the final, Inter spent the greater part of the game playing defensively to win 1-0 through a very soft first-half goal from Brazilian winger Jair.

These three consecutive successes for the Italians appears now to have had a cumulative effect on the game as a whole for since then there have been very few occasions on which away teams have gone looking for goals. One of the exceptions to this were the Dutchmen of Ajax who attacked everyone. Against Benfica they won 3-1 in Lisbon (only to lose 1-2 at home ... still playing it open) but in the 1969 final they pounded away for the greater part of the match against AC Milan's rock-like defence and could only manage one penalty goal to the Italians' four breakaway goals.

Typical

Now everyone seems convinced that to defend away from home is the only thing to do and I recently saw two examples of this that can, I think, be fairly regarded as typical. In the Fairs Cup, 1st FC Koln went down 1-2 in London against Arsenal in a game which gave their very skilful forwards Parits and Lohr very little scope.

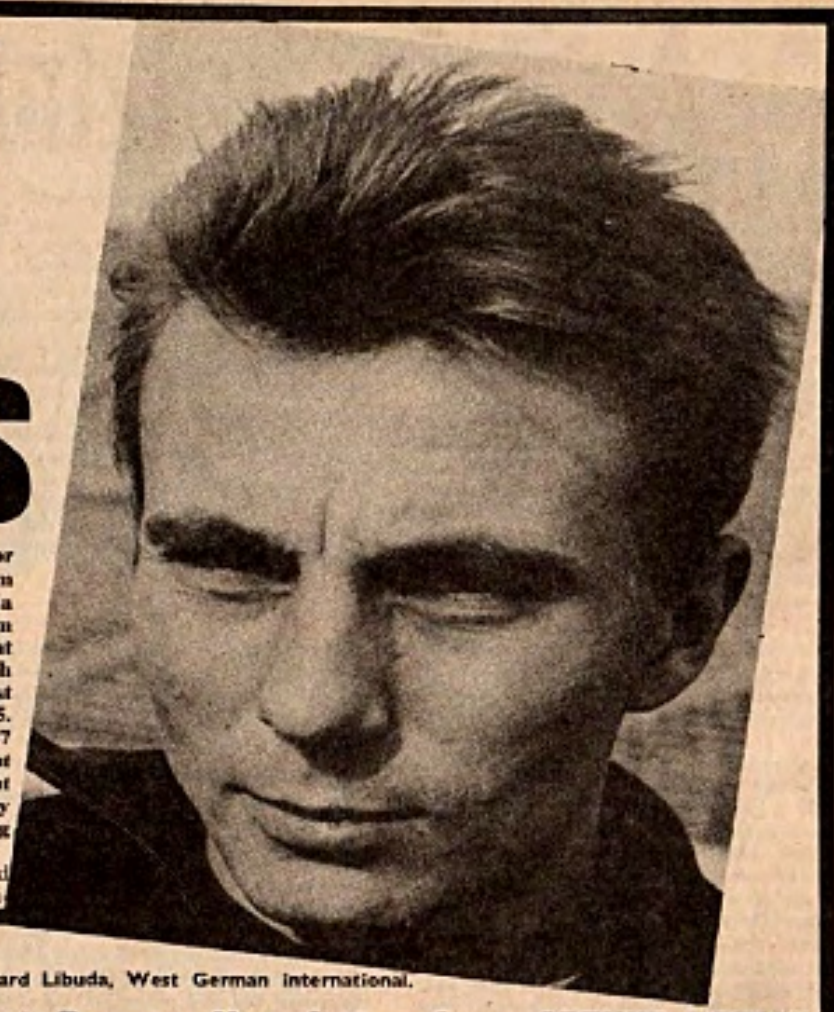
Their chief engineer, Wolfgang Overath, had a very quiet game, apparently trying to slow things down and seldom stepping out of his own half. Koln were more than a little fortunate to win this tie 2-2 on aggregate but winners via that flukey own-goal from a corner they had been given at Highbury.

Peter Osgood of Chelsea, two goals against FC Bruges.

In the Cup Winners Cup FC Bruges provided an even better example. Coming to London with a 2-0 lead they played a 1-4-2-3 system which virtually gave midfield to Chelsea and invited pressure on their goal. The tragic point from the Belgian standpoint lies in the fact that on the half-dozen times they did move up and play attacking football they looked very useful indeed.

Finally and perhaps the greatest tragedy of them all, Everton fell victims of the away goals rule. After Panathinaikos had sneaked a fortunate 1-1 draw in Liverpool, they knew that all they had to do was draw 0-0 *at home* to qualify and when teams are encouraged to play a *catenaccio*-type game at home then that must be very close to the end.

BAYERN LIKELY VICTORS



Reinhard Libuda, West German international.

West German Newsletter from ARTHUR ROTMIL

IT looks very much as if the *Bundesliga* will, for the first time in its eight-year-old history, reclaim a previous winner as champions this season. Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach the title-holders and Bayern Munich who triumphed in 1969, are still locked at the top in a grim struggle for supremacy which promises to keep the fans in suspense till the last day of the campaign and specifically until June 5. They are chased by Eintracht Brunswick (the 1967 winners) and Schalke 04, who hold seven titles but have not yet succeeded in the National League. But the leaders have three games in hand and it is highly unlikely that both would collapse in the finishing straight.

Although the concentration of the élite clubs and players under one roof has raised the playing standards, the *Bundesliga* has for many not proved to be the goose which was to lay the proverbial "golden egg". Bad management, high taxes, old stadiums, which no longer tempt a visit even from the most loyal fans, and other problems, have plunged many clubs into a financial crisis.

Whilst most soccer followers were basking in the national side's successes in the Mexico World Cup, these unpalatable facts have to be faced: After the first half of the season the 18 *Bundesliga* clubs showed a working deficit of £1,400,000. At least 13 clubs are in the red, whilst others are stumbling along from one week to the next. Since the foundation of the National League gates have never been lower.

Economic

Of course, the Germans are not alone, for throughout Europe, Britain included, clubs are feeling the gust of a financial "ill-wind". Here, only Hertha Berlin are assured of economic security thanks to their wonderful gates.

Hertha play in the Olympic stadium and boast an average of 55,000 fans per match, as compared with the 19,000 quota of the other clubs. Ironically enough, Hertha have been involved in several scandals and were expelled from the League five years ago for under-the-counter payments to national goalkeeper Wolfgang Fahrian.

Another self-imposed handicap is the constant changing of coaches: Since 1963 no fewer than 43 managers have been dismissed and not one has remained with the same club. In many instances they are drawing salaries for the rest of the contracts—without any service in return! The German tax system does not help matters either. The clubs pay entertainment and value added tax and in addition surrender often some 40% of their receipts to the DFB!

But clearly one of the most pressing problems concerns the old and unattractive grounds. Most of them are 20 years behind the times and poorly equipped, some with temporary wooden stands and quite inadequate toilet facilities. Although the season runs from August till May, and dozens of matches take place in rain and snow, there are few covered seats available.

Programme

As in England before the 1966 World Cup, so in Germany they are hoping that the 1974 series will help to speed the modernisation programme for a number of grounds and this will be financed by large industrial combines who see in the World Cup a chance to boost their products. The city of Munich will by then have a super stadium, built for next year's Olympic Games, and opened three months earlier with the soccer international v. Russia.

It will be Munich's first international since October 20, 1940, when Bulgaria were beaten here 7-3. The club to benefit most from such a stadium will of course be Bayern Munich especially should they stage European Cup matches. Bayern are Germany's most popular team, drawing the largest gates away from their small ground as proved by the 65,000 crowd who turned out to watch them at Hannover. It is a pity that Liverpool fans did not see them at their best, for when Bayern played at Anfield in the Fairs Cup tie they were short of match practice, not having had a competitive game for three weeks due to bad weather.

Especially missing out was Gerd Müller, who just three days later scored four goals against Hamburger SV, whom Bayern defeated 6-2. Without detracting from Liverpool's performance it must be said that after the second leg in Munich the Bavarians faced five games within the next ten days and clearly regarded the Fairs Cup at that stage as an embarrassment. Müller confirmed his return to form with an incredible burst of five goals in Bayern's 5-0 triumph in a Cup replay over Kaiserslautern.

The *Bundesliga* recently celebrated its 250th match-day since the inauguration on August 24, 1963. Friedhelm Konietzka was the man who scored the first *Bundesliga* goal.

Austria Salzburg lead

THE "spring" campaign in Austria got under way in freezing temperatures on snow and ice and the top gate of the weekend was a mere 5,000 for the Rapid-Wacker encounter. Across the city two Viennese derbies were staged as a double-bill: champions FK Austria v. Admira (1-2) and 1st Vienna-Wiener Sport Klub (2-2) but only 2,000 turned up.

Far more unusual than low attendances—which are now a commonplace in Austria—were two "strange" goals: Grazer AK kicked off for the second half without anyone realising that their Yugoslav 'keeper Mitic was not present. At the last moment he had decided to change his studs. Former international Siber looked up at the kick-off and dropped a 55-yard drive spot on.

Almost the equal was WSK's first goal in their clash with neighbours Vienna, whose 'keeper Viliem Schroif (former Czech international) was caught changing his studs out on the pitch by a quick counter-attack!

Two managerial changes have been effected since the resumption—Erich Hof quitting Sport Klub stating that the chairman wanted to run the team himself. The chairman immediately assumed control of all playing matters and despite two defeats—1-0 v. Voest Linz and 3-2 at Innsbruck—insists that he'll stay in command until he finds a coach that satisfies him.

Austria Salzburg continue to lead the way, despite a 2-1 defeat against Voest in Linz that produced a 22,000 crowd. Their first reverse since October, they still have three points in hand over their immediate challengers Wacker (Innsbruck) and SC Rapid. Champions FK Austria (Vienna) continue to flounder despite a managerial change. Ex-boss Szanwald steps down to be assistant while the new top man is former international stopper Karl Stotz.

Though willing to answer the cry for help from his old club Stotz has been unable to stop the rot. "A total loss of confidence" he insists is the problem. Since the restart the club is without a win, losing three times and drawing twice. Fortunately for the Viennese club the poorer provincial clubs are even worse off with Radentheim virtually "booked" and three other candidates sticking close at the bottom: SC Wacker, S/W Bregenz and Simmering.

Standard Liege are favourites

CHAMPIONSHIP-CHASING FC Bruges improved their away record (and their chances) with a handsome 3-1 win against Anderlecht at the Pare Astrid in Brussels. Meanwhile the champions and current leaders, Standard-Liege, were winning their local derby against Royal FC Liege by the same score.

The following weekend was completely washed out by snow and ice giving everyone a weekend off but after this brief respite things went on much as before. Standard took full revenge from Royal Antwerp in Liege, leading 5-0 by the interval and winning 6-0 in a canter while Anderlecht were crashing once more, 0-2, in the Brussels derby against lowly Crossing Meulenbeek.

Departure

The outcome of the weekend events was the departure of Pierre Sinibaldi from Anderlecht and the suspension for one year for Hentchel for ... "molesting the referee". Disciplinary Boards incidentally (in Belgium) are composed entirely of referees! Sinibaldi's return to France was if anything overdue for throughout the season he has been at logger-heads with the players and directors over the tactical framework.

While Standard struggled to two consecutive 1-0 wins, FC Bruges held on two points behind with a 2-0 win at Ghent to face the moment of truth. Unbeaten in league games at home for more than a year, the "De Klokke" atmosphere was expected to overcome Standard. The visitors rose to the occasion, however, to win 3-2, making the gap four points and with goals not counting have two more wins to their credit than Bruges in case the two clubs end level on points.

Lothar Emmerich of Beerschot.

NORMAN CUTLER on the

KING (Pele

The unmistakable figure of Brigitte Bardot.

THE fabulous Pelé and his Santos colleagues breezed into Madrid, en route to Paris for the St. Etienne-Marseilles match, with the speed of modern jet travel. But the shortness of the stop-over did not prevent the bullyhoo which follows Pelé wherever he goes. In half an hour he was showered with more hero-worship than a normal player receives during his whole career.

Pelé, no one questions, is one of the greatest footballers of all time. As a person he's friendly, sincere, modest and incredibly charming. He has a wonderful human smile, looks like a huge cuddly black bear (how the kids love him) and has personality plus. But Pelé is also the greatest showman on earth both on and off the field and is projected by the slickest, yet subtlest Hollywood-type of public relations operations.

He's always first off the plane ... stands *alone* on the plane gangway (who arranges that) waving to the crowds ... shakes hands with stewardesses and airport employees ... pats children's heads ... nods and waves to everyone ... uses exactly the right gesture ... moves around and walks the regulation two steps ahead of a retinue of officials and advisers ... is last on a coach or plane so *he* can be photographed waving goodbye. Always with that huge lovable smile. The press boys gave him the name "O Rei" (The King) ... and everyone has become so mesmerised that they really believe he is a King and treat him as such. And those motorcades ... special police guard ... banners (suspiciously alike wherever he goes) ... special receptions! Are they spontaneous?

Symbolises

I'm not blaming Pelé for all this. He works twice as hard as any of his club or international colleagues, putting over the Pelé image because it symbolises Brazilian football. People behind the scenes make sure that image is presented exactly right.

At Madrid Airport the public went crackers. Autographs, admirers patting his back, mothers pushing children for-

Mane Garrinch

Pele, after his arrival in Paris.

THE World Cup in Sweden (1958) revealed one of the game's most sensational players. A hero and idol of millions and undoubtedly one of the founders of his country's football greatness. Newspapers, at the time, said: "From which planet has this phenomenon come?" and declared that he was "the most amazing discovery for 30 years". Four years later, in Chile, he was again the figure of triumph, leading goalscorer, almost unstoppable and, in spite of Pelé, the most outstanding player of the competition.

You know his name ... Mané Garrincha (Manoel dos Santos).

The bandy-legged Brazilian, diabolically unorthodox, controversial and a problem child to the national manager, was unquestionably one of the greatest outside-rights of all time. For ten years he was consistently, for some reason or other, in the world headlines. But a knee injury during Botofoga's post-Chile world tour, two motor accidents, and a family break-up that, because of his incredible popularity, became a scandal that shook a nation, ended his reign of fame and glory. He quickly slipped ... and disappeared into the shadows.

Where is Garrincha today?

He left Brazil 18 months ago when singer Elsa Soares, whose friendship with Garrincha caused the scandal, embarked upon a European concert tour. Soon after their arrival I was introduced to him in a restaurant near the Milan Concert Hall where Elsa was appearing. He was clearly mixed up. Alive and burning with excitement when talking football, but still depressed, bitter and disillusioned over the smear campaign that helped to wreck his playing career. After all, he only did what thousands of others have done ... fell in love with another woman.

Contented

The singer's tour was a great success; they remained in Italy and Mané seemed happy and contented just to follow Elsa around, silently and unobtrusively. He worked hard at doing nothing ... and did it well.

But recently, a new Garrincha has suddenly bounced right back into the European news and limelight. He is no longer silent and retiring, but confident, seeking the spotlight, commenting on almost everything in press, radio and TV interviews (*most of it nonsense*), kicking off at matches, holding court and co-operating with photographers and even appearing on the stage.

I've talked to him several times during his stay in Spain ... or rather he did the talking. And, the big "news", or leg pull, is that Garrincha is planning to return to active football, as a player.

trail of two Brazilian immortals

e)... AND I

ward to be photographed with him, flash bulbs exploding like a scene from the Battle of Britain, with Pelé smiling, chatting and making himself agreeable to everyone as press and TV reporters struggled to isolate him for a short interview. I didn't worry, but talked to him on the flight from Madrid to Paris, by courtesy of the Spanish Iberia Airline.

Sufficient

The great player's numerous outside-football interests as a film star, bank official, lecturer, businessman, writer, are not unknown so I asked about his reported millions. He said: "I'm a multi-millionaire ... in popularity. Cruzeiros I have sufficient ... but much less than people think. I'd be very happy to settle for half they say I possess."

The most momentous Pelé mystery at the moment is his published decision to withdraw from Brazil's national side after June. It posed several intriguing questions. Was "The King" abdicating or being dethroned? Was he at cross purposes with the Brazilian Federation or team manager? Will he also be finishing with Santos and regular football? Was his reported chest ailment true? Pelé's smiling but categorical answer to those four questions was "No" to each.

"I am leaving the national team, after a tribute match in Maracana, simply because I owe it to my family. I made my début in the World Cup in Sweden when 17 years of age and since then have never stopped defending the colours of my country. Fourteen years is a large part of a man's life and it's time I started dedicating myself to my wife and two sons. They need much more of my time than I have been able to give. That is the only motive ... my family. Modern football with its excessive journeys has robbed my wife of a husband and sons of a father."

What will happen in Brazil when Pelé actually retires? National mourning? Pelé's eyes twinkled as he laughed: "Nothing will happen, nothing at all. The public will be a little lost at first, but the national team will be just as good. We have no shortage of players in Brazil, there are several who will be able to take my place. In the immediate future ... Tostao or César. Later there will be others."

Won't you miss the excitement, emotion and applause ... and the satisfaction of great victories? "Yes definitely ... but it won't all disappear at once. I still plan to remain with Santos for two or three years, until my playing career ends. When that happens I shall never play as a professional again, but will dedicate my knowledge and experience, freely, to the development of young players."

● *Continued on page 39*

na ... today

"Why not?" he asked. "I'm only 34 (*records say he was born on October 23, 1933*) so there is plenty of time to wear out more boots. I'm going to sign a two-season, £2,000 a year contract, with the French Second Division side, Red Star (*unconfirmed*) ... then the world will realise that I'm still the Garrincha of 1961. (*Nonsense.*)

"I'm also taking a team to play Santos in Maracana. Garrincha versus Pelé. I won't forecast how many goals or deaths this match will produce, but everyone will see who is the Wizard of Brazil." (*Oh dear, excuse me until I stop laughing.*)

Fact or fiction? It looks very much as if Mané Garrincha is working out a new comedy act to include in Elsa Soares's next production, "Brazil 2001".

But let us suppose for one moment that Garrincha is serious about his football "come-back". I'd say he was crazy to attempt it. He tried before during his decline and fall, and found that injury and worry had robbed the world of a genius. Now five years later, it would be the saddest of spectacles, a farce.

Just three little items. They used to call him "The Little Bird". You could hardly use that description today ... he's nearly 15 stone. And his tummy! ... unless that's also part of the comedy act make-up! Also ... Mané kicked off three times in a Rayo Vallecano Second Division league match ... and each time kicked the ground. (*That's not fiction, I was three yards away.*)

Then there was Mané's visit to Real Madrid's great stadium to meet his old friend Paco Gento. What a mutual admiration society that turned out to be.

Garrincha, looking all very wistful, said: "Francisco is a wonderful player. He's older than I (one day—Gento was born on October 22, 1933) yet still plays for the finest club in Spain. He's the greatest outside-left the world has known."

Exceptional

Gento said: "Garrincha is exceptional and can only be compared with players like Di Stefano and Puskas. Without doubt he's the greatest outside-right the world has ever known." See what I mean!

Later that morning, commenting on Garrincha's "come-back" plans, Gento was more doubtful and serious. "I don't know. I don't know," he said. "In football it's not worthwhile attempting a come-back. It's never successful. Once you decide to finish as a player, you must finish for good." Thank heaven someone was talking sense.

And what about *these* Garrincha-isms:

How many goals did you score during your career? "Six hundred and eighty are recorded but that figure does not include those scored in official *tournaments*. The total is around 4,000!"

Garrincha . . . planning a comeback?

The highest transfer offer? "Juventus offered £274,000 in 1963. Botofoga asked for £450,000, inventing the story that Garrincha was State property and a national asset. They (the club) were more interested in Botofoga than the State."

Would you describe yourself as a football artist? "My form of play is 'swing' and 'twist'. Is that definition sufficient." Really, who writes Mané's script?

Next month: Garrincha's career.

News from France....ANDRÉ DUCLOS

Revelli nets twice in Spain...

ANY doubts that the successful tour of Latin America early this year would have a beneficial effect on French football were laid thoroughly to rest in Valencia, last March. The performance of the French team in holding Spain to a 2-2 draw, only a few weeks after they had beaten Italy in Cagliari, was spirited and admirable. Moreover, it was Spain who had to exert themselves to equalise, after 16 minutes of the first half, through Pirri. The other Spanish goal was scored by Pirri, too, while the French goalscorer was Hervé Revelli, the St. Étienne striker, who thus maintained the form he had shown in South America.

The tour ended as it had begun; with a decided bang. Having initiated it by defeating the Argentinian national team 4-3 in the Bombonera, the French side ended it with a fine 3-1 victory over Internacional, the Brazilian side, at Porto Alegre, and a 0-0 draw in Lima with the Peruvian champions, Universitario, in Lima. Revelli got two of the goals against Internacional, the team now managed by Brazil's 1962 World Cup winning captain, Mauro, after a spell playing and coaching in Mexico. Despite a killing heat, the French recovered well from giving away the first goal, to Paulo Cesar, after 16 minutes.

Conversation

But the South American tour is ancient history now, and I should like to mention only that Joao Havelange, the President of the Brazilian Sports Confederation, and rival to Sir Stanley Rous for the FIFA Presidency, warmly congratulated the French on their team which, he said, in three years' time could become one of the strongest in the world. Secondly, a long conversation between Mauro and the French team manager, Georges Boulogne, who is really proving and justifying himself now, raised an interesting point or two.

Mauro, a reserve to Bellini in Sweden in the World Cup of 1958, mentioned to Boulogne that that French team, which finished third after losing the semi-finals to Brazil, was still regarded there as a superb one. How would he compare it with the present side? Boulogne judiciously replied that the 1958 team had two great forwards in Raymond Kopa and Piantoni, plus a great goal-scorer in Just Fontaine. In defence, however, it had some glaring gaps.

The 1971 side might not have goal-scorers of the outstanding quality of these three, but it was a solid all-round team which would compare favourably with it.

Among the players who emerged from the tour with great credit was the Marseilles midfield man, Jacky Novi, persuaded by Georges Boulogne to play as a centre-back for France, beside Bernard Bosquier, of St. Étienne. Poor Novi broke his nose, when he collided with Carnus, his goalkeeper, in Buenos Aires, but he came back later in the tour to acquit himself thoroughly well.

At the time of writing, Olympique Marseille and St. Étienne are still going neck and neck at the top, with the money on the present champions, St. Étienne. Their 2-2 draw in Marseilles, watched by the astonishing crowd, for France, of more than 38,000, was something of a moral victory for the champions, and visitors.

Recovered

When, after four minutes, poor Bernard Bosquier struck a centre by Sweden's Roger Magnusson past his own goalkeeper, things looked bad for him and his team. But both of them recovered quite admirably, Bosquier justifying his award of the Oscar for the best player on the South American tour, by those who made the trip. In the end it was Marseilles who were glad to get an equaliser, neatly snapped up by the tireless inside-forward, Joseph Bonnel, now 32 years old, but playing like a man ten years younger; as, indeed, did his opponent, Robert Herbin, the red-haired St. Étienne midfield player.

Strasbourg, desperate to hold their place in the First Division, have appointed an expensive and unusual new manager in the Hungarian (incidentally, the result of the vital Hungary-France European Cup-tie in Budapest isn't known to me, as I write) Jeloe Csaknady.

A naturalised German now, Csaknady is a man who obviously believes in playing hard to get; his present contract runs only to the end of the season, at his request. One of his earliest actions was to lock horns with Ivica Osim, the team's brilliant Yugoslav midfield player, whom he pulled off in a Cup-tie, then dropped. Osim has since returned to the side, and very nearly saved them a point in a 1-0 defeat at Reims, with a beautifully placed 35-yard free-kick, pounced on just in time by Darménia, the home goalkeeper.

Excellent

On the same day yet another distinguished Swede, the inside-forward Leif Eriksson, made an excellent début for Nice against Rennes, after a three-month suspension, helping his team to a 3-1 away victory, in which he got their third goal. There had been a wrangle for his services between Nice and Bordeaux, which led to his suspension. The last word apparently went to his wife, who preferred Nice. The President of Bordeaux chivalrously remarked that he could hardly blame her, as there was no comparison in the weather.

Meanwhile in the Centre Group of the Division Nationale, or the reconstituted Second Division, Nigel Page-Jones, from Gloucester, continues to distinguish himself in the back four for Brest. Marrying a Brest girl, he moved to her town, and Gloucester's loss has evidently been the local club's gain. The other week he achieved four stars as a rating where Djorkaeff, Paris St. Germain's international back, home from South America, received only three, in *his* game....

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Anglo-Italian tournament ... is it worthwhile in view of last year's incidents?

by PHILIP EVANS

'IT SIMPLY ISN'T FOOTBALL'

IT'S high time WORLD SOCCER ran a full-page ad. inviting applications from soccer administrators who are prepared to tackle the task of pruning down the number of competitions that the game currently suffers under. "Wanted—an able *agent provocateur*, trouble-shooter with foresight, intelligence, guts and common sense to restore some sanity to the football world"—something along those lines in 48 point capitals. And our would-be friend could find no better place to start than in erasing from sight and memory the Anglo-Italian Inter-League Competition.

This time last year I watched three of the Italian teams over in England for the week, Juventus, Roma, Lazio, not an untypical triumvirate. Juventus played Swindon, lost by four goals to nil, incurred the wrath of the crowd, not unnaturally complained at the brusque style of the home team, made no new friends.

The following Saturday Lazio went down by the one goal to Wolverhampton, incurred the wrath of the crowd, met the brusque style of the home team with a style itself bone-shattering and had their centre-forward, Chinaglia, sent off in the closing seconds of a thoroughly bad-tempered game.

Prestige

In between times I wandered down to watch Roma beat Orient in a friendly. Roma played well, true. But Orient had recently gained promotion to the Second Division. Little real prestige at stake.

That for starters. Then take the incidents in the return matches. The scuffles at Vicenza between Lanerossi and West Bromwich, the bitching in the other matches, the culminating disgrace at Naples after Swindon had run rings round the home side.

Personally, I subscribe to the view that there is a natural incompatibility in the game as played in Italy and the British Isles. Talking to Chinaglia in Milan at the commencement of the present season, I was alarmed at the bitterness he felt towards British football.

"It simply isn't football," he kept saying. "You aren't allowed to play the game." It was a view echoed a couple of weeks later by Giacinto Facchetti, talking of Inter's elimination from the Fairs Cup at the hands of Newcastle. He was forced to play in the role of stopper that evening, and his comments on the robustness of Wyn Davies do not bear adequate translation or repetition.

Ironies abound. If so much of the game in its earliest days in Italy was dominated by British players it remains true that England are a couple of games against North Korea and Uruguay apart—the only footballing nation the Italians have failed to beat in the 60-odd years since Italy entered the international stage.

Complexes also abound, truly felt. If only England had managed to win that game in Leon.... The fact is that the Italians have a good record against the Germans, have the sort of superiority complex so essential to their play.

The Anglo-Italian tournament, then, an attempt to marry oil and water. But outside the framework of historical perspective, the thing seems disastrously misconceived. Is the aim to foster good relations between the footballing worlds of the two countries? Last year's tournament could only have served to reveal the idea as pure moonshine. Is the aim to give valuable experience to the players from each country? Surely not when so many of the best players on each side are to be left out, and the teams chosen to participate are essentially also-rans.

Sergio Petrelli (left) of Roma and Piero Baisi of Catania challenge for the ball in their league match which Roma won 5-0. The victory was the first match for Roma since their Argentine coach Herrera Helenio was fired.

Colo Colo and Union Espanola, Chile's champions and runners-up respectively, fight it out in the first round group of the South American Championship.

Thinking of the next World Cup

by ERIC WEIL

BRAZIL'S 25-men national team squad for 1971, still under World Cup coach, Mario Zagalo, includes all 11 players who beat Italy in the last World Cup final, but leaves out five of the players—Fontana, Joel, Edu, Roberto, Dario—who went to Mexico. The newcomers are Ademir da Guia, Dirceu Lopez and Claudiomiro who were always on the verge of selection, and Vaguinho and Ze Carlos.

The current 25 are:

Goal: Felix (Fluminense), Ado (Corinthians), Leao (Palmeiras). **Backs:** Carlos Alberto (Santos), Ze Maria (Corinthians), Brito (Cruzeiro), Baldocchi (Palmeiras), Luis Carlos (Corinthians), Wilson Piazza (Cruzeiro), Everaldo (Gremio), Marco Antonio (Fluminense). **Halves:** Clodoaldo (Santos), Gerson (San Paulo), Ademir da Guia (Palmeiras), Zanata (Flamengo), Dirceu Lopez (Cruzeiro), Ze Carlos (Cruzeiro). **Forwards:** Jairzinho (Botafogo, Rio), Tostao (Cruzeiro), Pelé (Santos), Rivelhino (Corinthians), Paulo Cesar (Botafogo), Zequinha (Botafogo), Vaguinho (Atletico Bello Horizonte), Claudiomiro (Internacional Porto Alegre).

PERU is another country with its eyes firmly fixed on the next World Cup. First step was to pick a squad of 45 players under 25 years old which, for the moment, has been put under the orders of Peruvian coach, Marcos Calderón. The Peruvian FA's intention, however, is to bring a European coach, possibly Hungarian, to teach Peruvian coaches. His most proficient pupil would then be put in charge of the squad for the next World Cup.

The 45-men squad includes eight Mexico World Cup men. Others were left out on account of age, but winger Baylon is the only one under 25 to be left out. From this squad the teams will be picked to play four international games in July when Peru celebrates its 150th Independence Anniversary, while they are also due to play in the "little world cup" to be played in Brazil in 1972.

Clubs from other countries have their eyes on several of Peru's World Cup stars, but a law has been passed forbidding the transfer of players under 25 years of age out of Peru. This stopped what could have been an exodus.

The annual international tournament held at Santiago de Chile, which had been the most important in South America because of the strength of the teams taking part, was not held last summer. This left pride of place to the Montevideo Cup (played between Nacional and Peñarol of Uruguay, San Lorenzo and Velez Sarsfield (Argentina), Cruzeiro (Brazil) and Inter-Bratislava (Yugoslavia) and the new "City of Rosario" Cup, played at Rosario (Argentina) between Rosario teams, Central and Newell's Old Boys, River Plate of Buenos Aires, America de Rio (Brazil) and Red Star (Yugoslavia).

Tournaments

The two tournaments were connected as the top two teams from Rosario and Montevideo played off for the "Two Cities" Cup. Peñarol won at Montevideo to keep the Cup at home which had only been won by them and Nacional previously. Worthy of note was the atrocious weather at both cities which continually caused postponements of games and spoilt the continuity, the attractive play of Yugoslav winger Petcovich, on loan to Peñarol (who couldn't get his transfer because the Yugoslav FA would not give a clearance certificate) and the brawl in the final game (Peñarol v. Nacional) which produced scenes which had nothing to do with soccer). Newell's Old Boys won at Rosario, while Montevideo teams, Peñarol and Nacional were due to meet again to decide the "Two Cities" Cup, but the game was wisely postponed for another occasion.

England remain favourites, but !

SWISS NEWS by ARTHUR ROTMIL

ENGLAND'S laborious 1-0 win over Malta has surprised most Swiss soccer followers who have, of course, a direct interest here, since they, plus Greece, belong to the same European Championship group. A lot of publicity was given to the two chances of an equaliser which the Maltese apparently missed in the closing minutes. Nonetheless, Swiss hopes received a boost, especially as several noted Maltese experts declared that Switzerland looked a better team in La Valetta (they won 2-1 there), than England! Such arguments can only, and, in fact will be, resolved on the field of play and more specifically on October 13 at Basle and November 10 at Wembley.

Undoubtedly, following Switzerland's two away victories—the other by 1-0 over Greece at Athens—this group has now developed into a two-horse race. England remain favourites and still command a healthy respect here, but ... while hope springs eternal, the bold optimists can point to such shock results at the highest level as USA 1 England 0, during the 1960 World Cup, or North Korea 1 Italy 0, in the 1966 world series.

Demolish

In the light of similar scores who would be shocked at, say, a Swiss victory over England at home? Assuming that England win the return at Wembley and both demolish Malta at home, the Greeks by snatching a point from England in December could lift the Swiss into the quarter-finals! Always assuming, of course....

Meanwhile, after the usual three-month winter break the Swiss soccermen awoke to the Cup quarter-finals which provided an instant sensation: Mendrisiostar, lying fifth in the Second Division, beat the reigning champions and last year's finalists Basle by 2-0, after extra time. The other outsiders, too, namely, Breite Basle from the Regional 1 Liga, resisted Lausanne bravely before going out 0-1 also after extra time was necessary.

In the "main bout", Lugano were fortunate to be awarded a penalty from which they equalised and barely 100 seconds (!) later scored the winner v. Grasshoppers (2-1). By the same result Servette eliminated Zürich to avenge their Final defeat in 1966 and at the same time celebrated their first success over these rivals since October 1966. The outstanding man on the field was the German international Bernd Dörfel, who got both Servette's goals. Thus for the first time in the 46-year-old history of the Swiss Cup, the semi-finalists did not include a team from the German-speaking part of the country!

Mendrisiostar's great run ended with a 0-2 defeat by Lugano, who reached the final for the fifth time in their history (previously in 1931, 1953, 1962 and 1968). Their opponents were Servette of Geneva who, thanks to a 2-1 win over Lausanne, appeared in the final for the tenth time (prev. 1928, 1934, 1936, 1938, 1941, 1949, 1959, 1965, 1966). Lugano have already won the Cup twice (1931 and 1968), while Servette triumphed as far back as 1928 and 1949.

Approached

In a law-abiding country like Switzerland the breaking of rules it a rare event but recently the poaching of a well-known player has produced unexpected headlines Lucerne's striker "Kudi" Müller (22), who made such an impact by hitting the winning goal upon his international début v. Greece (1-0), was apparently approached by FC Zürich with whom he is alleged to have signed a provisional contract. The FA rejected Lucerne's protest in full, but have declared the agreement between Müller and FCZ as void. The player was fined £10 and the club £20, for side-tracking the normal channels, whilst both clubs had to bear the costs of the hearing.

Lucerne can't really afford to keep Müller for they have a deficit of £19,000 and in common with most First Division clubs here, appear to be paying their stars almost as much as they take at the gates, not counting the costs of administration, ground rent, etc. But how can they let their best player join others and themselves plunge into oblivion? But theirs is the old problem of clubs being held to ransom by the players, almost like in countries where they have professional football.

Zürich, too, are not exactly solvent and are now considering the boldest experiment ever tried in Swiss soccer history. In effect, the club will form a limited company on the lines of English or Italian clubs. It is indeed a revolutionary step here, and will be watched with interest by the remaining clubs, not to mention the FA.

Kuhn of Switzerland (10) whips the ball away from Gallego of Spain.

A look at TURKEY with ARTHUR ROTMIL

Galatasaray head towards league title

HOW good is Turkish football? Well, for a start I venture to suggest that it is much better than most soccer followers imagine. The fine 1-1 draw in a European Championship match with West Germany in Cologne last October, strengthens the belief that after many years among the "backward" lands, the Turks must be accepted as a serious threat even to the best. Of course they have managed to spring a number of surprises in the past, as in 1960, when they beat Scotland by 4-2 in Ankara, and did even better to defeat Russia on her own ground in Moscow by 2-0 four years ago!

At club level, too, the Turks can point to immense improvement and it should be remembered that both Galatasaray (Istanbul) and Goeztepe (Izmir) reached the quarter-finals of the European Champions and the Cup Winners Cups last season — Goeztepe having eliminated Cardiff City on a 3-1 aggregate. This same club had already caused a sensation in the 1968-69 Fairs Cup tournament by forcing their way into the semi-finals after victories over Olympique Marseille, Argesul (Rumania), OFK Belgrade plus a bye. But undoubtedly the finest win by any Turkish side was achieved by Fenerbahçe who knocked out Manchester City in the first round of the European Cup in 1968!

Minor miracle

Following a short winter break the professional league resumed its programme, whilst the amateurs began with their second group as on account of the shortage of playing pitches (!) their fixtures are fulfilled after the first group had completed theirs.... But the main interest is centred on the preparations of the national side who are leading their European Championship group and who are expected to perform another minor miracle, like that 1-1 in Germany which was hailed here as a "moral victory".

To achieve this, a full-time coach has been engaged; namely Cihat Arman, a former goalkeeper with Fenerbahçe who thus succeeds Sabri Kiraz, who refused to give up his post as manager to Ankaragücü. The new boss is a member of a committee to which coaches of the junior as well as the national amateur sides, together with other technical advisers also belong. This body was created to ensure the selection of the best possible squad and not least to prevent the oft advanced criticism that the selectors have in the past picked players for positions different to those they occupy with their clubs!

On the domestic front the principal problem is the acute shortage of goals. At the end of the first half of the season the average was only 1.76 goals per match, a figure which is among the lowest in Europe as even in Italy, notorious for low scoring ratios, they managed 2.15 goals per game at the half-way mark. The explanation is simple:

The clubs have copied the currently practised ultra-defensive methods from abroad so that the scoring of goals remains an undeveloped art. The newly promoted Karsiyaka, for instance, gained 13 points with merely seven goals (!) whilst playing 0-0 in six out of eight successive games.

In addition, their southern temperament fosters individual exploits at the expense of team-work. It is also unusual to note that most local referees shrink from the responsibility of awarding penalties—yet will stop the game at the slightest suspicion of offside!

Colourful personalities

Fortunately there is no lack of colourful personalities to enliven the soccer scene. And they can be found amidst the crowds in the shape of "choir-conductors" who lead the singing and cheering whilst themselves balancing precariously from the top of a wall.

On the field of play, champions Fenerbahçe engaged a former Rumanian international called Sasu who should have joined at the start of the season but didn't turn up till the eve of a vital clash with local rivals Galatasaray in November. Sasu was instantly selected and scored the equaliser (1-1) with a free-kick resembling a "banana-shot" *à la* Pelé.

Soon his dead-ball accuracy caused consternation among opposing defenders. When he appeared against Besiktas, a coach using a stop-watch calculated that Sasu had the ball during 62 seconds in the entire match. But his two free-kicks produced a 2-0 win!

After a few more games Sasu fled home, allegedly because he feared for his life.... He returned only in exchange for a suitable "compensation", but soon repeated the dose. In the middle of February he escaped, this time via Bulgaria to avoid detection. Eventually the Rumanian FA stepped in and explained that Sasu is now in an asylum and will not be returning to Istanbul....

Meanwhile Galatasaray lead the table and can congratulate themselves on their "misfortune" at the start of the present campaign. The club then signed an English coach named Ron Lewin, of whom they knew nothing—except that he was ... a paratrooper! Since he didn't show up, the president himself flew to London but couldn't find him. Assuming that Lewin had been stranded somewhere between London and Istanbul, he came back with another Englishman—Brian Birch, who made his name with West Bromwich Albion and is now leading Galatasaray towards the title....

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Focus on RED STAR BELGRADE by JACK ROLLIN

Dzajic misses four games

UNBEATEN runs in the European Cup just fail to impress Red Star, Belgrade. They entered the semi-finals knowing that they had lost a game or two but have had to fight all the way into the last four of the Champions Cup. But this campaign has not been without its scars.

They had two goals put past them in Hungary by Ujpest Dozsa and had a player sent off but won the second leg by four clear goals. In the second round they ran up a three clear goal home leg tally over UT Arad, the Rumanians who had removed the holders Feyenoord from the tournament and followed this creditable performance by winning 3-1 away in the second leg.

In the quarter-finals, too, the Yugoslavs also came from behind on the first leg to win in Belgrade in convincing style. They lost 3-2 in East Germany to Carl Zeiss Jena but won 4-0 at home.

Their defeat in Jena also caused them more than the mere anguish of losing. Towards the end of the game, Red Star's left-winger and captain, Yugoslavia's best player, Dragan Dzajic, was sent off.

Dzajic's indiscretion

Now it has been said that Red Star are a one man team. Take Dzajic out and they fall apart. This may be so and certainly the club are going to have to soldier on without him in the semi-finals as his indiscretion resulted in him being suspended. There has already been some confusion over his punishment—four matches under UEFA control—but he has already played in a European Championship match which could mean that his suspension started after it, in which case he will miss the final if Red Star qualify.

But they did beat Carl Zeiss without him in the last round. At the same time it would be just as foolish to underestimate the effectiveness of this extraordinary player. Like any other footballer of his class he has the double value of being difficult to contain which often needs more than one opponent watching him and allowing others on his side more freedom because of the tight way he is marked.

Red Star are hoping it will be the seventh time lucky for them in the European Cup. Their best previous performance was in 1956–57 when they reached the semi-final. In those days Dzajic was just a child of eight of course.

He started his career nearly a decade later with Jedinsto Ub and graduated to the Red Star Juveniles. At the age of 17 he made his début in their League team and at 20 was captaining the side. He is now skipper of the national team, too, and despite being still in his early 20s is the most experienced player in the side having entered 1971 with 45 full caps for his country. And he has been Footballer of the Year for the last five seasons!

Red Star's Dragan Dzajic.

Coincidence

For Red Star he reached a milestone with his 400th game for the club against Vojvodina last October. By a nice coincidence that match also saw goalkeeper Dujkovic make his 300th and right-back Djoric his 200th appearance for the club! Both Dujkovic and Dzajic made their European Cup début in the same tie in 1964–65 a three-match marathon with Glasgow Rangers which ended unhappily in defeat for the Yugoslavs.

Djoric, incidentally, is the penalty kick expert when Dzajic is not around. Other prominent defenders are centre-back Kiril Dojcinovski, who played in the World Cup qualifying stages and left-back Petar Krivokuca.

In attack two other forwards who demand close attention, apart from the captain, are Jovan Acimovic (20) and Zoran Filipovic (19). Acimovic, who wears the No. 10 shirt, partners Dzajic in a most dangerous combination frequently supplying his skipper with some brilliant openings. Making his début at the age of 17, too, Acimovic was given his first cap at 18. Since then he has made tremendous progress.

Filipovic is one of those rare beings, a consistent and accurate marksman, despite his youth. However he is only a part-timer. He is Red Star's ace marksman both in League games and in European Cup ties this term.

The attack is completed by Ostojic, who has returned from a spell in France and is adding to the potency of the Red Star attack.

Unfortunately another Red Star player, Antonijevic, is also likely to miss the semi-finals because of suspension. He is an attacking wing-half and he hit four goals in a European Cup tie last season.

It is rather a pity that events have been such that Red Star will not be able to put out their best team in the closing stages of the European Cup just when the club is staging a big revival and trying to recapture the glorious days of the early post-war era. Founded in 1945 they groomed some of the finest players in Yugoslavia, including Vladimir Beara, Rajko Mitic, Dragoslav Sekularac and Bora Kostic. But illustrious figures of a bygone era are not likely to win any matches in the future.

Studious

Red Star's coach, Miljan Miljanic, is a strong character and a studious trainer. He has taken careful note of Brazilian, English and Hungarian methods and considers that he has blended the best of all three systems into his team.

When Red Star are on the defensive they play a 4-4-2 system; when they are on the attack they switch to 2-4-4 but they are never without four men in midfield and that way Red Star try to command the match.

Strangely the team has done little or nothing in the League this season and will probably be lucky to finish around the middle of the table. It seems that their best hope of competing in Europe next term is as European Cup holders.

The team has individual skill, collective ability and are not easily upset by conceding goals. But they are inclined to overdo the physical side of things on occasions. And just how much they will miss two of their best players in the semi-finals against Panathinaikos is a question that will not be answered until after the end of the second leg.

PERSONAL OPINION by LESLIE VERNON

English are no longer good losers

ONCE upon a time the English were good losers. Cynics used to say that they had to be, they had a great deal of practice. I prefer to believe that it was through an inborn sense of justice, true sportsmanship. The expression "fair play" originated in England and has enriched the vocabulary of all languages.

With the abolition of the maximum wage, and the emergence of new ideas propagated by enlightened coaches, the defeats became less frequent, victories in the international arena more readily attainable.

But the triumphs had the effect of a high-powered drug on many people in the game. They became increasingly arrogant and by now we have reached the stage when the English are very bad losers indeed. Boastful breast-beating before matches, cry-baby attitudes afterwards and total disrespect for the opposition has become the norm rather than the exception.

Let us first observe Harry Catterick's behaviour in connection with the Panathinaikos tie. After the first match on TV he said: "This was the most one-sided match I have ever seen!" As the score was 1-1, this was surely a gross exaggeration, he must have seen at least one or even two matches which were just a little bit more one-sided!

Following Everton's inglorious exit he said: "We found it difficult to control the light ball on the hard surface, and when we did, the referee always blew for something or other. He gave the home team everything and gave us nothing. I just don't know how many injuries we have—all 11 I should think." (Daily Express, March 25.)

I'll deal with this point by point. Highly paid professional players should be able to control the ball on any surface, and if it was so vastly different from the Goodison pitch, how come that the Greeks managed to get a draw there? Do not strange, unusual conditions also apply to the opposition when they come here?

Condition

And what has happened to the proud claim trotted out time and again, that the English footballers are the greatest, because they are capable of playing under any condition?

The "Pana" v. Everton match was refereed by the experienced Heller of France who, according to L'Equipe, controlled a difficult match excellently, or as they said, "bon arbitrage". Mr. Catterick did not know how many of his players were injured. We do. Not a single one—the same 11 mistreated innocents trotted out of the tunnel four days later against Liverpool at Old Trafford.

Next on the list is Mr. Mee of Arsenal, who does not like foreign referees when his team loses. He made some complaints about the handling of the Sturm Graz match earlier in the season, but it was just mild criticism compared with the outburst concerning the unfortunate Constantin Petres of Rumania, who was in charge of the Cologne match in West Germany.

As far as I can make out, Petres' main crime was that he doesn't speak English. A grave shortcoming indeed, considering that all our FIFA referees speak fluent Rumanian. "We should work out a system with the UEFA that all referees should be bilingual," said the Arsenal manager. By that, of course, he meant that all foreign refs should be able to speak English so that they would understand the lucid comments made by the Cockney Charlie George, the Scottish Frank McLintock and the Geordie George Armstrong.

If all 33 member nations of the UEFA made this same unreasonable suggestion, referees would be obliged to speak about 26 languages before they were allowed to handle a Fairs Cup tie.

Bilingual

But Frank McLintock had a different story to tell in the Evening Standard: "The ref could not speak a word of English, but he spoke German all right. Overath spent the whole match chatting him up!" But wait a minute, if he can speak German and presumably Rumanian—he *is* bilingual. So what's the beef, Mr. Mee?

Apart from the ref learning the wrong language, Arsenal complained about the booking of players for calling for the ball and the play-acting of the Cologne players. Well, calling for the ball is illegal, unless you call out a name first. It must be conceded, though, that only an over-zealous official would caution a player for such a trifling offence.

As far as play-acting goes, it is not unknown in this country. And in the first-leg match at Highbury I seem to remember that Manglitz was injured just before the first Arsenal goal. Ref Zsolt (whose linguistic ability should qualify him for an honorary membership of Berlitz) would not allow the trainer to come on and the 'keeper hobbled back to his goal.

A free-kick was taken and Arsenal scored with Manglitz still slightly shaken. When I questioned Ocwirk, the Cologne manager, about the incident after the match, he simply voiced the usual platitudes about the ref being the sole judge and that it was a good hard game.

Ocwirk, like many other experienced managers, has learned to express his thoughts behind the closed doors of the dressing-room and to behave diplomatically in public. If that is hypocrisy we should have more of it in football.

In the same round, Cardiff went out of the Cup Winners Cup at Madrid and inevitably their manager Jimmy Scoular blamed the referee for the defeat. None of the winning teams complained, indeed Chelsea must have been highly impressed with the immaculate control of the Yugoslav Kostovski. Did Mr. Mee protest when Glockner took the names of four Lazio players for slight misdemeanours at Highbury last autumn? Of course not.

The puzzling factor in this inconsistency is that people like Catterick, Scoular and especially Bertie Mee are highly talented, usually reasonable, likeable individuals. What makes them behave so uncharacteristically when their teams face foreign opposition?

I am sure it isn't the money involved—then what? My guess is that it is prejudice and a deep-seated distrust of the foreigners. They should learn from Sir Matt Busby, who has always kept his "cool" no matter how bad the provocation (see Estudiantes). The one redeeming feature of this sad story is that although the British players have the worst disciplinary record in European international football, they are still angels compared with the Argentinians.

RUSSIA MEXICO VISIT

NEW USSR national team boss Valentin Nikolaev (CSZKA) took his mixed squad off on a prolonged tour round Central America, playing against mixed but mediocre opposition. The most difficult matches were against Mexico (two 0-0 draws) and the bulk of the touring time was spent in training and playing against club sides.

Before leaving Moscow for the tour CSZKA stopper Albert Schesternev was elected Footballer of the Year for 1970. Captain of the Mexico World Cup team, he has been an automatic choice since 1964 and captain of the national team for four years, and in addition his tally of 81 full caps is an all-time Russian record.

Not so fortunate was the young unknown inside-forward Mikhail Kolotkov, capped by Nikolaev at the end of the year while playing for Division II Roubine FC. Nikolaev suggested a move to his club CSZKA and a transfer request was submitted but promptly followed by others ... as Torpedo Moscow and Dynamo Kiev made him lucrative offers. Finally the FA made a decision—Kolotkov was suspended for the whole of 1971 and a new rule introduced, barring transfers completely for Division I players.

Overlord

On a similar theme the FA decided to act against clubs dismissing their coaches. Contracts for an agreed period must be signed and lodged with the FA who will act as overlord and insist that clubs (and coaches) honour their agreements in full.

The new league set-up for 1971 has cut the Division I complement to 16 clubs while Division II appears to have been dissolved. What is virtually the new Second Division has 22 clubs and underneath another 125 teams divided into six 'regional groups ... a new Division III.

Former Dynamo Kiev manager Viktor Maslov, the architect behind the club's many successes of the last six years, quit in November, intent on retirement. Torpedo Moscow persuaded him back into the game, however, and he is one of the two managerial changes since last season. As expected, the sacked World Cup chief Gavril Katchalin returned to his old club Dynamo Tbilissi.

Albert Schesternev, elected Footballer of the Year in Russia, has been capped 81 times by his country.

Partizan Belgrade scoop Knezevic

WINTER champions Partizan Belgrade prepared for the second half of the league campaign with a visit to South America and returned to find themselves in serious trouble. Their international goalkeeper Curkovic had been called up for his stint of national service and his deputy Drljaca sustained a broken leg in Colombia. Fortunately the FA introduced a new paragraph to the rules regarding transfers, allowing each club to engage two new players during the winter break. Partizan promptly engaged the burly Knezevic from Radnicki.

Already out of the Cup, Partizan had an extra week off while those still interested played off the equivalent of the English fifth round. Dynamo Zagreb, with a long-standing reputation as cup-fighters, only just managed to account for the unknown Second Division team Loveen by two goals to one ... a penalty kick and an own goal! But the biggest surprise was the elimination of Hajduk Split, the favourites, who went down 3-2 after extra time to another Division II side, FC Rijeka.

The past month of tough league matches has sorted out the contenders from the also-rans: Zeleznicar (of Sarajevo) began brightly with a hard-fought 1-0 win over Dinamo in Zagreb but then slipped back after two defeats. Like Zeleznicar, Olimpija have allowed themselves to lose contact with the leading group—Partizan, Hajduk and Dinamo Zagreb. The first two clubs have 28 points, Dinamo one less but Partizan have a game in hand over everyone.

Red Star have had an indifferent season, hardly surprising with the Yugoslav game becoming steadily tougher and more competitive and their major interest in the European Cup. In the quarter-finals Red Star clashed with East German champions FC Carl Zeiss Jena, losing 2-3 in the first leg away and having two men sent off. UEFA handed out stiff suspensions to Dzajic (four games) and Antonijevic (three games) but even without them the Yugoslavs won their home tie comfortably by 4-0 before a capacity 90,000 crowd in Belgrade.

Dzajic, of course, is Red Star's ace and while neither suspended player will be available for the semi-final v. Panathinaikos, Dzajic will also miss the final —assuming Red Star get there!

JIMMY ARMFIELD . . . Player Portrait . . . by ERIC THORNTON

SAD DAY AS 'POOL SLIP DOWN

IT'S going to be queer without Jimmy Armfield playing in the First Division next winter, but that's the way it goes as the years roll by and time takes its toll.

I've no doubt he suffered the tortures of the damned as Blackpool gradually slipped down the chart until becoming padlocked to the bottom rung, and then moved back to the Second Division from which they had only escaped these 12 months ago.

Now, instead of packing Bloomfield Road for the visits of Manchester United, Arsenal, Leeds, Liverpool, Spurs, Wolves, Everton, Chelsea and Manchester City, the fans will have to get by on a diet of Orient, Oxford, Millwall, Norwich and Swindon and, of course, attendances will dive with thousands staying home.

Birthday

That's the hard fact to be faced by the board, while the other point spotlights the tougher Second Division game with the reminder that Armfield will be tasting it again as his 36th birthday is coming up.

James Armfield, son of Manchester, indefatigable servant of Blackpool, and one-time skipper extraordinary of England, is probably thinking that way today, though happily able to recall with backward glance the appreciation of the crowd who turned up for last season's testimonial.

Nineteen years of tides have washed the famous promenade since this adopted son of the Fylde quit schoolboy soccer to become one of Joe Smith's kids. A promising young professional who loved every moment spent at the ground.

That's quite a slice of time by any standards, yet it's not dulled the memory. I clearly remember the signing occasion as if it was merely yesterday. For my old friend Joe, Bolton's inside man of the famous White Horse Wembley, of the '20s, was delighted as a sandboy.

Generally dour and slow to gaff or confide, the Blackpool manager of that era positively joined the gossipists as we shared that mini office underneath the old railway stand, and he explained the possibilities of the newcomer.

Formative

But nobody paid much attention as Jimmy walked briskly in and out of the place in those formative years, and that was really quite understandable. Because also striding across the scene were such internationals as Stanley Matthews, Harry Johnston, Allan Brown, Stan Mortensen, Ernie Taylor, Eddie Shimwell, George Farm, Bill Perry, Hugh Kelly, Tom Garrett and John McKenna.

It is no exaggeration to say that in those '50s the club was absolutely packed with talent. Yet nobody kidded themselves about allowing the future to take care of itself, and the pool of teenagers was being gradually enlarged all the time.

Jimmy joined the rest of the boys with their eyes on the stars, developed in reserve line-ups, and moved up among the seniors 16 years ago, when the club's appearance record for the 1954–55 campaign began this way: Armfield, J. C.—2.

Appreciate

Just a couple of games a pole apart. But they represented the start. The same name has been on the identical annual lists ever since, though with far more matches to his personal credit, as you'll no doubt appreciate.

Each winter, this fast-moving defender of the indomitable team spirit, who almost reaches up to six feet out of his socks, claimed more games until eventually becoming a seasonal ever-present.

He was in action so much over one particular four-year period ranging from 1961, that it seemed as if most of his spare time was being spent either lacing or unlacing his boots as you'll recognise when I say that he has now played for the famous tangerines on nearly 650 occasions!

Despite such non-stop soccer, however, he always willingly turned out in other players' benefit games, just as he did for the one I organised on Bert Trautmann's behalf at Maine Road in 1964.

Jimmy Armfield of the big heart never likes refusing a good cause, and that's yet another reason why football will be regretting the day he hangs up his boots.

Jimmy Armfield, in a race for possession with Norman Hunter of Leeds United.

Empty terraces evident at Cup Final

IRISH NEWS by COLIN McALPIN

APRIL 3, 1971—jot that date down in your diary as the day of the great Irish soccer non-event. It ought to have been the day of the local game's showpiece, the Irish Cup Final, but it turned out to be a terrible nightmare of empty terraces, low-key atmosphere and red-faced embarrassment.

Even before the event a spanner was thrown into the works by Derry City, who objected, and with some cause, to the IFA decision to stage the Final at Windsor Park, Belfast. For Linfield, whose home the Park is, are not allowed to travel to Derry City's Brandywell Road ground for domestic games because of the present unrest in Northern Ireland and City themselves earlier refused to travel to the Park after threats had been made against players and officials.

Outspoken player-manager Jimmy Hill, ironically a former Linfield player, said that when the venue was named that he doubted if City supporters would want to risk a visit to the Final. He predicted a dismal crowd and commented that the IFA had made a major blunder by naming Windsor Park as the setting—particularly so as their opponents Distillery were in much the same position over domestic games against Linfield.

Encourage

So with an atmosphere of fear built up around the game it came as no surprise that only a mere 6,000 people took the trouble to turn out. It was one of the poorest gates for many years and a clear slap in the face for the officials who were not, in view of the understandable dislike of the venue, prepared to bend a little and look for a safer ground which would encourage more spectators.

In spite of almost everything going against the game it turned out to be quite an interesting affair. And the classy Distillery, who have served up by far the most entertaining soccer this season, romped to a fairly predictable and comfortable 3-0 victory to show that honest endeavour does bring its reward whatever Leeds United fans will tell you.

The star of the victory—though, to be honest and fair, there were several in the side — was 18-year-old Martin O'Neill, a youngster of remarkable cool and talent who must surely find his way into a higher grade of soccer with an English or Scottish club.

It is even more interesting to recall that Martin, a convert from the Gaelic game, is experiencing his first season in senior soccer. Since Distillery boss Jimmy McAlinden gave him his chance to shine Martin has become the chief attraction for cross-Channel scouts. And in this game he showed exactly why he is the most attractive potential export in the game.

Two golden goals, one lifted straight from the pages of a soccer classic, set the seal on a brave Distillery performance against a Derry City side that battled hard but never really got to grips on the pattern of play.

This Distillery side, a young side which McAlinden and his staff have moulded into potential "double" winners (as I write they are tucked in just behind the Irish League leaders Linfield and Glentoran), contains some of the most outstanding players in the local game. Players like goalkeeper Roy McDonald, who provided a string of excellent saves, and half-back Martin Donnelly, a midfield man who has all the assets, will not remain long in the obscurity of Ulster football if I know anything about the game.

However, the excellent football produced by the finalists must not be allowed to obscure the frightening sickness gnawing at the roots of the game here. A colleague commented aptly that fear won the Irish Cup this season but this is not the only reason for what has been a season of unmitigated disaster from beginning to end.

People here, it seems, are no longer prepared to put up with the sub-standard performances of most of our clubs. The empty spaces at almost every domestic game bear witness to this. Football here is dying on its feet and, alas, officialdom seems unable, or unwilling, to apply the healing balm.

Once again there is much talk of an experimental all-Ireland League and while this idea will no doubt get the usual cold shoulder it is clear that something will have to be attempted if the game is not to be lost completely.

Next month I'll take a closer look at the unhealthy state of football in Northern Ireland and at some of the many ideas—good, bad and indifferent—being put forward as a means of curing the sickness.

WORLD SOCCER SPARKS ACTION

THE first moves to "Keep TV in its place" advocated by Norman Cutler in his timely article "Football's Television Problem" last month ... and emphasised by Leslie Vernon in Hungarian News ... have been made.

Ten days after WORLD SOCCER appeared on the bookstalls the Italian Football Federation banned Television Italiana from using slow motion cameras or pictures when televising matches.

The false impression given, especially when the slow motion technique pinpoints human referee errors, aggressions and crowd behaviour, has caused considerable trouble in Italy this season. "The protests and controversies that follow TV screenings have done much damage to the image of Italian football," says a Federation spokesman.

Almost simultaneously a resolution on TV for the Summer Assembly was sent to the Spanish Federation by two First Division clubs. They insist that Television Espanola be made to conform to a "filming schedule that will protect referees and players from unjust production and commentary".

PRINCE OF THE SCORERS

ONE of the simplest ways of spotlighting the differences between the game as played in Western Europe with that of South America is to compare the outstanding scorers. In South America, where the Brazilians still stand supreme, it is Pelé and his 1,000-plus goals whom every scorer seeks to imitate but in Europe, where the game is quicker, the marking tighter and the tackling sharper, the scorer tends to be less skilful, stronger and more dependent on his creative colleagues than on his own individual ability.

The typically European goalgetter is currently best illustrated by Gerd Müller of FC Bayern München and West Germany. Unlike Pelé, Müller will never know the sound of 100,000 shouting "ole, ole" as he rounds one opponent after another on his way to goal but in Germany as in Brazil it is the scorer, the striker who determines whether the overall performance of the team will triumph or not.

Closer to home Müller compares unfavourably in terms of finesse, flair and craft with men like Johann Cruyff of Ajax, Rivera and Mazzola of Italy and St. Etienne's African-born Keita. But what Müller has got is a combination of talents—each of them basic and simple, which moulded into one figure results in simple, consistent efficiency.

Flamboyant

That Müller does possess "flair" is certain but it is an instinct for the goal chance rather than a natural gift for ball-play. While other more flamboyant figures like those mentioned above can conjure the ball into the net, Müller achieves the same result in the simplest possible way.

The French have a phrase—*une force de frappe* — that sums up Müller's talents in a way that is impossible in English. "A surprise force", Müller has hit more top-class goals in the last two years than any other European player and while it is possible to see him play and wonder what makes him both feared and revered, he has only to enter the penalty area and receive a pass in order to make one aware that here is someone special.

Strongly built and thick-set, with thighs like the stumps of twin oaks, his short legs give him a low centre of gravity that gives him the edge on bigger stronger opponents. Though not particularly speedy, he is "quick" on the turn, fast on the break, courageous and intelligent. His physical qualities combine—short, strong legs give power and snap to his shooting—while his low centre of gravity allows him to maintain balance in the tightest of turns and most speedy accelerations.

Breathtaking

The individual ingredients in Müller's make-up are nothing extraordinary but added together the total makes the man and to see him in action can be breathtaking. In midfield he meets a pass and lays it off first time to turn and sprint away looking for a return pass that will put him in a shooting position in or around the penalty area.

Gerd Muller of Bayern Munich and West Germany.

On the edge of the box he will play a ball back, setting up a colleague for a shot at goal. Though his natural game lacks the frills of more "gifted" ball-players, Müller's skill with the ball, his aerial work is adequate but no more, except in the region between ground level and hip-height. In this area—with either foot—Müller has an uncanny gift for volleying the ball with both power and accuracy that has seldom been equalled.

A "typical" Müller goal will probably involve him in the approach play perhaps 30 yards from goal where a ball is played up to him and he lays it back first time to a supporting colleague in midfield. From there, Müller will turn on a sixpence and sprint away towards the far-post with his attendant shadows, vainly trying to keep pace with him. With the play having built up on the opposite wing, Müller will turn once more (indicating that he has been following the progress of the movement with his eyes even when running away from it) and at just the right moment speed towards the ball as it flies across the face of the goal.

It is here that Müller has the edge on all his contemporaries and is decidedly superior to most of his opponents. His gift for being in a shooting position at the right time is not just *instinct* but the result of observation and timing.

Attributes

He can be moving away from his left-winger, speeding away towards the right side of the penalty area when the winger in possession makes his cross, but having used his eyes all the way, Müller now brings his other attributes into play. Stopping, turning and sprinting back to meet the ball he escapes from the defenders and if no one is in a position to intercept, the most likely outcome will be a shot from Müller hit left-footed on the turn—first time ... and one more goal in Müller's bin.

Born in a tiny Bavarian village called Zinsen, so small and isolated that it was more than seven miles away from the nearest football pitch, Müller's talents were hidden by the German FA rule which bars players under 18 from senior football. Playing for TSV Nordlingen it became clear that at 17 he was too good for their second string but before FA

PLAYER PORTRAIT on Gerd Müller by ERIC BATTY

permission was granted the club had played ten league games.

Even so, Müller hustled into action to run up 46 league goals and attract the attention of FC Nurnberg, and both the Munich clubs 1860 and FC Bayern. Fortunately for Bayern they got to him first and their rise has been synonymous with that of Gerdi Müller.

Left out of the *Bundesliga* at its inception, Bayern were promoted in 1965 after Müller had rattled up 35 goals in the League South. In the *Bundesliga*, Müller had to sharpen his reactions and sweat off a little excess weight but if he took time to settle, the club finished third in the league first time out and won the FA Cup. Müller was a regular choice and played in the final (without scoring) and in the second campaign in 1966–67 he hit the top.

Sharpen

Earning his first cap early in the season, he hit 28 *Bundesliga* goals to share top spot with 1966 World Cup finalist Lothar Emmerich but was awarded the silver cannon because he had played two games fewer; helped the club to the FA Cup Final and scored two goals—the first and third (both vital) in the 4-0 defeat of Hamburg SV and finished up by being elected Footballer of the Year.

This, however, was only a hint of what Müller was to achieve. At 20 he hit four goals in a 6-0 win over Albania; helped Bayern lift both the FA Cup and the European Cup Winners Cup in 1966–67, beating Rangers in the final and seemed to top everyone in 1968–69. In that campaign FC Bayern Munchen won the *Bundesliga* with eight points to spare and made it a double with a 2-1 victory over Schalke in the Cup Final.

Müller hit both of the final goals, topped the scorers' list with 38 goals, 18 more than his closest challenger in the league and the highest league score in Europe. Then he was voted Footballer of the Year for the second time.

Meanwhile he had been hitting nine goals (a German record) in World Cup qualifying matches and in the final stages he hit ten more in the stifling heat of Mexico. *Torschutzenkonig* in the World Cup—Brazil's Jairzinho hit seven for second place—this topped a superb season in 1969–70 that had brought him practically everything possible.

Eurostatistics

EUROPEAN CUP
First Leg

Everton (0) 1 (Johnson)
Panathinaikos (0) 1 (Antoniadis)

Carl Zeiss Jena (2) 3 (Stempel, Ducke 2)
Red Star (1) 2 (Jankovic, Dzajic)

Ajax (0) 3 (Cruyff, Hulshoff, Keizer)
Celtic (0) 0

Atletico Madrid (1) 1 (Adelardo)
Legia Warsaw (0) 0

EUROPEAN CUP
Second Leg

Panathinaikos (0) 0
Everton (0) 0
(1-1, Panathinaikos win on away goals rule)

Red Star (2) 4 (Djoric, pen., Filipovic, Ostojic, Karasi)
Carl Zeiss Jena (0) 0
(Red Star win 6-3)

Celtic (1) 1 (Johnston)
Ajax (0) 0
(Ajax win 3-1)

Legia Warsaw (1) 2 (Pleszko, Stachurski)
Atletico Madrid 1) 1 (Salcedo)
(2-2, Atletico Madrid win on away goals rule)

CUP WINNERS CUP
First Leg

Gornik (2) 2 (Lubanski, Wilczek)
Manchester City (0) 0

PSV (0) 2 (Devrindt, Van den Dungen)
Vorwaerts (1) 1 Frassdrof)

Bruges (2) 2 (Lambert, Marmenhout)
Chelsea (0) 0

Cardiff (1) 1 (Clarke)
Real Madrid (0) 0

CUP WINNERS CUP
Second Leg

Manchester City (1) 2 (Mellor, Doyle)
Gornik (0) 0

Worwaerts (0) 0
PSV (0) 0
(PSV win 2-1)

Chelsea (1) 4 (Osgood 2, Houseman, Baldwin)
Bruges (0) 0
(Chelsea win 4-2)

Real Madrid (0) 2 (Velazquez, Fleitas-Miranda)
Cardiff City (0) 0
(Real Madrid win 2-1)

King (Pele) . . . and I

● *Continued from page 27*

Of the oft-mentioned feud with Garrincha he said: "There never was a feud or rivalry. Garrincha was an extraordinary player and a true genius. We both had our talents and uses . . . me in the centre and in the goal area, he on the wing. We have always been friends" . . . then he added smilingly, "except when Santos played Botafogo".

In Paris Pelé AND Santos received an ecstatic whipped-up welcome. Met at Orly Airport by Minister Jacques Baumen, the motorcade followed the route, through the Arc de Triomphe, along Champs Elysees, normally reserved for authentic Kings and Heads of State. In the leading open car Pelé stood up throughout the whole journey, waving, throwing kisses to the crowd, holding the Jules Rimet Cup (World Cup) aloft, stopping to shake hands with admirers, literally bringing part of Paris to a standstill through congested traffic. It was a wonderful *performance*.

Next night, before the largest crowd Stade Colombes has seen for 25 years (60,000) all the slick-super-subtle-successful public relations fell sadly apart, through no fault of Pelé's. "The King" put on a brave face but disappeared into the background when the "Queen" of Paris, Brigitte Bardot, her long blonde hair shimmering in the floodlight, walked to the centre spot to kick-off. She was wearing the tricolor of France . . . red boots, white "hot pants" and a blue tight-fitting sweater. Whew!!! After that we forgot all about Pelé, Santos and St. Etienne-Marseilles. We were just unable to concentrate on the game (it was damned awful anyway) being far more excited by the human (oh, very human) Flag of France.

In case you are interested, the game ended in a 0-0 draw. Pelé, outplayed by French captain Herbin and outshone by Keita, failed to live up to the avalanche of advance publicity (no man could), St. Etienne-Marseilles eventually won 3-1 (Pelé) by penalties, Brigitte Bardot, amid indescribable confusion, presented the Cup and rewarded Herbin with a kiss which sent him into such a state he left the cup behind. In general a good time was had by all . . . except Pelé, who refused a kiss from La Bardot because, he explained later: "He was married and the press exploitation of the kiss photo would not be pleasing to his wife."

Next day singer Elsa Soares (Manny Garrincha's second wife), bitterly perhaps, described the whole thing perfectly when she said: "Pelé! Pelé! It's always Pelé. What about Didi, Djalma and Nilton Santos, Zizinho, Zagalo? All the world seems to have forgotten these players who made Brazil's football great. Everyone dreams of Pelé. Nobody but Pelé."

RUSSIA FOR THE

by NORMAN CUTLER

THIS "secret" dossier comes from a "secret" HQ, gathered by "secret agents" in Russia. All very James Bondish! It is part of the blueprint for the immediate future of Soviet football ... some of the theories, figures and facts that Spain has "captured" and have been studying for their vital clashes with the USSR in the European Championship.

The Soviet's tremendous loss of prestige in the Mexico World Cup, after three years of so-called preparation, caused widespread disappointment. This failure, the inability of officialdom to see a brighter future and the downward and alarming deterioration of the domestic scene (two or three clubs excepted) caused a first-class crisis which had repercussions in the higher echelons of the Kremlin.

Registered

Terse notes, which couldn't be put in the file tray, asked: Why, with 127,000 clubs, more than a million players and 180,000 registered referees, are we not a power in world football? Why are we without a single major international success?

Genadij Kofanov, Chief Under-Secretary-Commisar of the Ministry of Sport's football section, set up a Commission with a specific mandate ... to find the causes of Soviet football decline and why the country has not achieved the expected and hoped-for triumphs in world football and to suggest immediate measures for attaining this objective.

It was no simple task. Football success is not that easy. But the Commission's report produced nine causes for the Soviet's crisis ... and several rather airy suggestions. (*See opposite page.*)

Immediately after the Commission's report was presented the Soviet Federation of Football came to life. They decided that members of the international squad must have special treatment and privileges, the interests of club must always be subordinate to those of national XI, all selected players are to be at the permanent disposal of the international manager and undisciplined players will, in future, be excluded from the national side and receive maximum sentences.

All this remained very much under cover until the football chief, Genadij Kofanov launched a public attack and severely criticised players and trend of Soviet football. "I hope that 1971–72 will be one of success for clubs and the national XI. But ... we have great cause for preoccupation, worry and shame. The conduct of hundreds of our footballers is appalling, they are unsporting, disorderly, vicious and bad tempered. They feign affectedness and deceit, some are even dangerous," and more and more.

"All this is bad for our country and is often, not unnaturally, transmitted to the stands and terraces with unhappy results. This has got to stop ... more, it will be stopped."

After that outburst all the forces of Soviet football were spectacularly concentrated on the European Championship. Advance "spies" were sent to Spain where two grim looking gentlemen watched 12 of the 16 First Division clubs in action. (They were invited to attend the national team training in Madrid, but for some unexplained reason failed to appear.) Other representatives went to England where they chose league matches in which Northern Ireland players were appearing ... and to Cyprus. The "dossier" of their journeys was compiled with typical Soviet efficiency and thoroughness.

Action from a Russian match in the Mexico World Cup finals.

Arranged

Simultaneously, a tour of South America by the national squad, under new "Supremo" Valentin Nikolajev, manager of League champions CSKA, was hurriedly arranged. The tour was programmed so amateurishly that it failed completely and brought storms of criticism from press and public.

Government sponsored newspapers openly talked of wasted months and Russia's World Cup "disgrace" all over again. They said "many matches played during the tour were ridiculous. They served no useful purpose whatsoever because they were against second-class football nations and often against fourth-class club sides. None of these matches made any contribution to USSR's Nations Cup preparations."

The tour was ill-fated from the beginning. The Supremo selected 20 players

PLANS FUTURE

COMMISSION'S REPORT

for the specific purpose of playing countries like Brazil, Peru, Mexico and Uruguay, but two days before the party left Moscow the Soviet Football Federation handed Nikolajev his itinerary. He was furious for it meant continuous travelling and included countries like Costa Rica, Ecuador, Guatemala, Honduras and El Salvador. It was perhaps one of the most arduous tours for years.

Nevertheless it did enable Nikolajev to keep his players together and playing; they were able to avoid the long winter lay-off and keep match-fit. But in every other direction the tour was a fiasco.

Discipline

Nikolajev said before the tour started that Russia's poor showing in the World Cup was because they were neither at peak form nor anywhere near physically fit. "We needed to play with 30 per cent more force and strength ... and discipline was also bad." The tour left them fit, but had the reverse effect on form and discipline. Since returning from South America all players have been rigorously supervised by their own managers ... a weekly report on form and fitness has been sent to HQ ... and before May 30 they will have had something like 30 days of isolated concentration and special training.

The Soviet "Supremo" took 20 players to South America ... eight 1970 World Cup players (Evriuzhikhin, Kaplichnyi, Kiselev, Lovchev, Muntian, Nodia, Shesternev and Shmuts) ... three other Mexico travellers were left behind for indiscipline.

Among the other 12 were Bannikov (Lev Yashin's successor) and internationals like Kopeinikov (c.f.) Sevenko (o.l.) and Fedolov (c.f.). Completely new to overseas football with comments (Russian comments, not mine) were Alenkov, a 20-year-old Juvenile goalkeeper with "reactions like a rocket and panther-like agility" ... Dolgov (r.h.) of 2nd Division Spartak de Orel, "maestro of defence and centre field, a grand tactician" ... Kultschizkij (r.b.), "a fantastic player, the electric brain of his club" ... and Eschterekow, "the Soviet Stanley Matthews who completely confuses defences". I repeat these comments are not mine.

Reports, again Russian, of this new look Soviet international side is ... The defence, with Bannikov and Shesternev the stars, is "an authentic machine, really formidable". The forward line ... "barren, without class, force, fight, ideas and penetration".

Last August-September there was considerable feeling between Spain and Russia over the European Championship encounters. The Soviet wanted the matches played before their winter lay-off, while their World Cup was still together and while Spain was still in the throes of rebuilding.

The former Spanish Federation President (D. Jose Luis Costa) fought for the May date, after Spain had had a season's special training and the opportunity of consolidating Kubala's rebuilt side. Costa threatened that Spain would withdraw from the competition if Russia persisted with their pre-lay off dates. UEFA arbitrated, and decided on May, 1971.

1. *The absence of a great football tradition, of the kind that exists in England, Brazil and Italy.*
2. *Climatic conditions which cause four months' postponement of football.*
3. *The need for a complete reorganisation of Soviet football at all levels.*
4. *The absence of international experience. It is necessary in future to organise as many matches as possible with foreign teams.*
5. *Insufficient determination and too much indifference is shown by players. The model must be that of English football where the style is nearest to that of the Soviet.*
6. *The excess of individual stars which prejudices collective team play and is not conducive to success.*
7. *Soviet managers and coaches are not of English and German standard. They need to visit countries of the West at once to study and learn new and modern methods of training and tactics.*
8. *The introduction of more professionalism, based on that of England, is vital ... also the augmentation of signing fees, salaries and bonuses.*
9. *Lack of a national football school, with regional branches, which should produce a greater number of efficient players and automatically raise the standard of the international side.*

El Salvador's Flamenco (10) clashes with Khmelnitski (21) of the Soviet Union during a World Cup encounter.

Milan slump after losing local derby

PHILIP EVANS from Italy

THE traumatising effect of losing the Milanese derby can be simply seen in Milan's statistics. Since that game they have played four matches, taken only five points. Inter have played four and taken eight. They have also acquired the habit that must be acquired by all would-be champions — that of playing atrociously while still taking the points.

It is tempting to initiate the writing of epitaphs as far as Milan are concerned. The loss in the derby really knocked the stuffing out of them. They scraped through against Fiorentina by the one goal, went to Vicenza and won a point only ten minutes from the end, came back to San Siro and lost to Varese. On this last occasion they were admittedly without both Rivera and Schnellinger, but throughout the season they have been too prodigal when playing at San Siro: a defeat and four draws in the 12 games. Compare Inter's record—ten victories, a draw, a defeat—the two latter under the aegis of Heriberto.

Ineptitude

It was the game against Napoli that really set Inter on the way. It was the game they *had* to win—a victory necessary to their own chances of the championship, essential as a torpedo to those of Napoli. In the event it was a fine old punch-up. Refereed with unbelievable ineptitude by the Piedmontese, Gonella, the rib-nudging, shin-tapping, shirt-grabbing, saliva-projecting all started early in the first half.

Burgnich was sent off for a bad foul on the young Napoli forward, Umile, but Burgnich's sin was as a sign of affection compared with the aftermath of the game. Giubertoni told Altafini what to do with himself, Altafini floored him with a neat jab. Vieri leapt off the substitutes' bench, which he had been occupying for the second half on account of some mysterious injury, and began to loop hooks and upper-cuts at Altafini. Off to one side, those two well-known club-fighters, Bianchi and Boninsegna, were facing up to each other in a supporting middleweight contest. Fines and suspensions all round, the most serious to Vieri, who was banned for six games. Crazy, crazy, crazy.

But what can you do when you have to play under the control of inept refereeing such as that provided by Gonella? It really was feeble, a clownish mixture of rank bad decisions on a technical plane, and lack of guts on another. So often in the past the most important games have been refereed by a small élite of men—Lo Bello, Sbardella, Francescon. I hope Gonella's name is struck off this particular role. And amazing to note that he is one of the seven Italians currently on the international panel.

If it is true that luck helps those who help themselves, then she is right behind Inter at the moment. On the day that mini-Milan lost to Varese at home, Inter went to Sicily and took both points from bottom-of-the-table Catania, thanks to an own-goal in the 83rd minute. The topic of fortune, good and bad, was raised in midweek by that well-known authority on the subject, Giannino Rivera.

Appalled

Inter were not a good team, he insisted. The evidence to hand conclusively proved that they had throughout benefited from indulgent refereeing. Milan on the other hand. . . . Gianni had recently risen from his sick-bed, and relinquished the fever that had kept him out of that game against Varese. When they heard what he had to say Facchetti and Mazzola were appalled, urged him to get back to bed.

He was obviously still suffering from the after-effects of the fever, they suggested. Big fuss in the papers. Tight, knowing smiles from all but the very gullible. What is this but a neat attempt to ensure that interest in the championship fight is maintained to the very last?

Fiorentina appear to head inexorably towards the Serie B. *Disgraziata.* Two points from their last four matches. Sampdoria, Torino, Varese, Vicenza—all 20 points, Fiorentina—18, Lazio—17, Catania—16. The Tuscan club can still do it, but only two of their remaining six games are at home and one of those is against Inter. I find the thought appalling. The Communale was the place where I learnt my Italian football, watching Hamrin running rings round lads half his age, socks rolled down, fair hair damp on forehead.

Italian international full-back Burgnich.

Gigi Riva is back, alive and well and playing for Cagliari. He has yet to recover his sharpness, but his appetite seems to have been unimpaired by the long lay-off. On the day that Helenio Herrera's projected departure from Roma was announced, his team travelled to Cagliari and won by the one goal. If a draw might have been a more equitable result, it still remains true that Cera is badly missed in the Cagliari midfield and defence.

Juventus, having taken the players whom Helenio wanted to keep at Roma, slide on gently. They are now bound up in thoughts of European competition, and will do well to get past Cologne in their semi-final legs of the Fairs Cup. Given that they may yet win the whole thing. Both Leeds and Liverpool will have had their minds on other matters when the final legs are played, and Juve have young players who have yet to catch the disease of indifference apropos extra-curricular tournaments.

ERIC BATTY suggests that referees are too lenient

When a booking is not a caution

REGULAR readers of WORLD SOCCER will know that over the years I have consistently and continuously maintained that the game is becoming more and more violent and that refereeing standards are inadequate. While some emphasise the widely differing interpretations placed on the laws of the game in different countries the time has come, I think, when we must face up to the fact that even in Britain—indeed even in England—referees are not agreed on what does and does not constitute foul play or serious misconduct.

For those with longish memories and in particular those followers who *watch football* rather than support one particular team, it will be clear that over the last ten or 15 years either referees have allowed tackling and other attempts to win the ball to become faster and tougher OR the game itself has become dirtier. My personal view is that both these two possibilities have combined to produce the present situation in which I would say that:

1. *The game is rougher, tougher and dirtier.*
2. *Players and games are more difficult to control.*

If my second conclusion appears to offer sympathy and understanding to present-day referees, who either fail to spot foul and violent play or choose to ignore it, let me make it quite plain that in my opinion a handful of really top quality officials could clean up the game in six months.

But, and let me make no bones about this either, the root of the problem lies at club level where managers and coaches are encouraging their "tough" players to mark opposing stars really tight and STOP them without being too specific about HOW this task is achieved.

If referees could clean up the game and stamp out the kicking and punching (on and off the ball) the same objective could be achieved in five minutes if the men who wield the real power within the game were to order their players to keep their physical challenges within the letter and spirit of the laws or be dropped, suspended or transferred by the club.

Managerial level

Unfortunately this is a pipe-dream, for the vast majority of managers are caught in the modern demand for success ... and we all know the penalty for failure at managerial level. At the same time the press and television have generally failed to place sufficient emphasis on the increasing violence and not long ago I was nothing less than appalled to hear one television commentator complaining that the linesmen were using their flags too much and thus encouraging the referee to use his whistle.

What I wonder are linesmen intended to do, if not assist the referee in every way possible. If as this particular commentator suggested the game was being *spoiled* it was the players who were guilty.

On quite a different track altogether, it was television which brought home to me what appears to be a subtle change that referees have effected and had passed unnoticed by me until the recent FA Cup semi-final between Liverpool and Everton. During this encounter—and I use this word because I cannot in all honesty refer to it as a *game of football*—the Liverpool centre-half, Larry Lloyd, was "booked" by the referee.

Modern vintage

Subsequently, in this same encounter, the referee gave at least three more free-kicks against Lloyd that I noted. Seeing it only on television the possibility exists that there were more than three occasions when Lloyd was penalised by the referee but this is sufficient to make my point.

First, it should be understood that words like "booked" and "bookings" are of modern vintage, coined by the press. Look through the laws of the game and such words will not be found but instead there are (printed in heavy type) **caution** and **sent off the field of play.**

Law 12 deals with fouls and misconduct and after dealing with the nine penal offences (a) to (i) we find the words ...

"A player shall be cautioned if:

"(j) he enters the field of play, etc.;

"(k) he persistently infringes the laws of the game;

"(l) he shows by word or action, dissent from any decision given by the referee;

"(m) he is guilty of ungentlemanly conduct."

Three lines later we find the words ...

"A player shall be sent off the field of play:

"(n) if he is guilty of violent conduct, etc.;

"(o) if he persists in misconduct after having received a caution."

It now appears to me that where once a "caution" was an indication to the player that further foul play would result in his being "sent off the field of play" a "booking" is a booking and nothing more.

Cautions, bookings, call them what you will, will be reported to the Football Association and the filing clerk will record them.

Three bookings

That's all there is to it these days ... unless a particular player acquires the three bookings at which the FA decide it necessary that the player appears before a Disciplinary Committee. The old meaning of the word "caution" has been eroded; watered down until it bears no direct link with being sent off.

Just in case there be any misunderstandings about the words I have used, let me refer to the section of Law 12 which lists International Board Decisions. Amongst them I find ...

"If a goalkeeper intentionally lies on the ball longer than is necessary, he shall be penalised for ungentlemanly conduct and

"(a) Be cautioned, and an indirect free-kick awarded to the opposing team;

"(b) In case of repetition of the offence, be sent off the field."

Just think about this the next time you go to see a professional game that has a real bearing on the championship or relegation. Reflect on the fate intended by the members of the International Board who frame the Laws, for the goalkeeper who is on two occasions in one game tardy in getting to his feet while holding the ball and compare that with the violent and often vicious things that can be seen every week not even worthy of a free-kick in 1971.

Players who kick must be sent off

ANYONE who glances at the referees' chart (and players' guide to the game) will be immediately impressed by the mass of what can only be described as amplifications of the laws. In themselves, the 17 Laws are simple and straightforward but over the years a great many points of law have been referred to the international board and their "official decisions" now supplement the laws. Thus the chart is divided into two sections. On the left of each page are the Laws in their original form and on the right, masses and masses of official decisions (writes ERIC BATTY).

At their next meeting it has been said that the Board will begin the mammoth task of re-phrasing the laws in order to incorporate the official decisions. I personally doubt if this could be done at one session unless a great deal of preparation precedes the meeting itself, but at the moment no one is in a position to say whether or not this preparatory work has been done. Certainly it will be a mammoth task, but one very much worthwhile for, taken overall, what started life as 17 perfectly simple laws have swollen to a mass of (a) law, (b) advice to referees, and (c) official decisions.

The simplest of these official decisions will give some idea of the detail into which the more complex decisions go. The simplest I can find reads: Law 15—Throw-in. . . . A player taking a throw-in from touch must face the field of play with some part of his body. The most complicated runs to paragraph after paragraph with four laws in particular providing the greater part of the "advice" and official decisions. These are not surprisingly Law 5—Referees; Law 12—Fouls and Misconduct; Law 13—Free-kick; Law 14—Penalty-kick.

Decisions

The real query-rouser is, of course, Law 12, on which, apart from the law itself which ran to 1½ pages in the 1958 Edition, published by the FA carried an extra 2½ pages of (amplification) . . . advice to referees, advice to secretaries, advice to players but in addition more than two more pages of "official decisions". Since then no doubt there has been more advice and many more official decisions.

If, as I understand is the case, the Board are to set about tidying it all up I wish them well with what will certainly not be an easy task.

The Board will not (though it is difficult to understand why) even consider amendments to the laws unless they are submitted by a national association. Knowing this I put forward two proposals in the hope that some officials (somewhere) might take the initiative and persuade his association to put them to the Board for I feel that apart from

by Eric Batty

"tidying up" the laws urgently need two innovations.

The first is intended to counter the kicking and punching which so often mars an otherwise good match. At one recent English First Division game I saw two players swing boots and fists at each other for several seconds before the referee intervened. One, of course, had been fouled (or thought he had) and the other retaliated. On this occasion the referee merely took the two players on one side, gave them a friendly talking to and did not even caution them!

Twenty years ago, kicking or punching opponents during a game was treated like murder in the street and the culprit was immediately despatched to the dressing room. Now, too many officials (the vast majority I fear) have accepted that this kind of behaviour is just "part of the game".

Law 12 deals with fouls and misconduct and reads:

A player who intentionally commits any of the following nine offences:

(a) Kicks or attempts to kick an opponent;

etc.
etc.

(f) Strikes or attempts to strike an opponent;

etc.
etc.

shall be penalised by the award of a direct free-kick to be taken by the opposing side from the place where the offence occurred.

The law then goes on to deal with committing the nine offences within the penalty area but my point has already been passed.

What I would like to see incorporated within the laws of the game is something like this . . . A player who kicks or "empts to kick, strikes or attempts to ike, an opponent MUST be sent from e field of play.

This would force referees to exercise ontrol and make players aware that the ays of fatherly chats are over. Kick and you go off should be the message—loud and clear.

My second proposal concerns what I think all experienced in international football will agree is the bugbear of referees placed in charge of teams from different countries and continents. In many parts of the world "screening" the ball is accepted as part of the natural game of ball players. Elsewhere it is regarded as "obstruction", particularly in Britain.

My personal views are clear: obstruction is an offence committed by a player who does NOT have the ball and deliberately places his body between the ball and an opponent who is chasing it.

Challenged

Screening is an art—practised in the past by masters like Stan Matthews and Tom Finney—and is a natural reaction by a clever player who has POSSESSION of the ball and is about to be challenged.

The good player in this situation turns away from his opponent, interposing his body between the ball and his challenger, thus (quite legitimately) making it more difficult for his opponent to effect a fair tackle.

More trouble arises over this single point than any other and whether the majority view (world-wide that is) outlined above would be the best for the game it is imperative that FIFA makes a decision on what is legitimate screening and what is obstruction.

PETER JACKSON In Wales

Championship hopes take a downward trend

WALES won a share of the British Championship last season for the first time since 1960 and sensed that with a favourable European Championship Cup draw their success could be spread across to the Continent.

But their bid to reach the finals of the 1972 European Championship may be wrecked simply because the luckless Welsh have run into their oldest snag of all ... the fixture clash.

Their game against Czechoslovakia in Prague is booked for Wednesday, October 27. The fourth round of the Football League Cup is to be played on the same night and Welsh selectors know that means they could be forced to dispatch virtually a complete team of reserves to do battle in Czechoslovakia.

It seems the Czechs have been unable to help, despite a Welsh FA request for a change of date. What Wales wanted was to bring the game forward a fortnight and switch their home match with Finland to October 27.

"We cannot find an alternative date for the game in Czechoslovakia," says Welsh FA secretary Trevor Morris. "It is a pity because we go to great lengths to try and safeguard against fixture clashes."

The Welsh Championship bid, therefore, is unlikely to get far off the ground. Rumania, with three points from their opening two games, are clear favourites to top the qualifying group and go forward.

Apart from being worried by the October fixture clash, Wales are afflicted by injury at a time when they are preparing for four international matches in an 11-day period—three in the British Championship and the fourth against Finland at Helsinki.

Domestic tournament

Mike England and Terry Hennessey both missed the Championship tie against Czechoslovakia at Swansea last month (April). Hennessey, inactive since the Ipswich game in mid-January, is unlikely to be fit for the domestic tournament.

The £110,000 Derby wing-half is back in light training after his second cartilage operation. But he says he does not expect to be fit for anything other than the start of next season.

His loss will be a savage blow to Wales. Appointed skipper after Wales had lost all four World Cup preliminary games, Hennessey emerged as the outstanding player of the team which completed last season's British Championship without losing.

There are fears that England, for so long the automatic choice centre-half, will also be unfit. Other back four players such as Dave Powell of Sheffield United and Newcastle's Ollie Burton cannot be certain of playing because of recent injuries.

Wales is to send a party of 16 players to Czechoslovakia later this month (May) for the 11-day European Youth Cup finals.

Recent introductions

Among them are two teenagers who have been given recent introductions to League football. Nigel Rees, the 17-year-old Cardiff left-winger, lost his place in the club's Second Division only because of injury.

A former schoolboy rugby international, Rees is expected to be fit in time for the finals. As he was forced to step out of Cardiff's side so a Cardiff lad was stepping into First Division football with Manchester City.

Jeff Johnson has been described by City skipper Tony Book as "another Colin Bell". He took his First Division bow as a substitute during last month's 3-0 home win over Everton and played against Chelsea in the Cup Winners Cup.

The Welsh Youth, through to the finals for the second season in succession, will play in Group B of a tournament decided on much the same basis as last summer's World Cup finals.

As yet Wales are not certain of their opposition. Russia are definitely through, with Rumania and Holland favourites to win their preliminary groups and so complete the quartet.

The full Welsh party, which includes five of Cardiff City's FA Youth Cup final team, is:

Goalkeepers: Parton (Burnley), Williams (Cardiff City). **Defenders:** Dwyer (Cardiff City), Impey (Bristol Rovers), Edwards (Leeds United), Aitken (Bristol Rovers), Aizlewood (Newport County). **Midfield:** Johnson (Manchester City), Randall (Coventry City), Couch (Cardiff City), James (Burnley). **Strikers:** Rees (Cardiff City), Davies (Arsenal), McBurney (Wrexham), Showers (Cardiff City), Newton (Arsenal).

Wales centre-half Mike England has been out of action for a prolonged period through injury. He missed the Football League Cup final, when his club, Spurs, beat Aston Villa, and may also miss the forthcoming Home International Championship.

SENSATION AND BUENO

Nineteen players sent off in riot

SHORT of holding the World Cup in Biafra or East Pakistan, Argentina must be the least alluring venue of all. Yet in 1978 Buenos Aires will play host to the finals, unless the latest disgraceful episode in the city's football history causes FIFA to think again.

In Argentina one almost expects to hear of players sent off, but hardly of 19 in one match after a violent incident surpassing anything seen even in Buenos Aires. For when Boca Juniors met Sporting Crystal of Peru in a match counting towards the South American Club Cup, both teams went berserk in the final minutes.

Defender

With the score at 2-2, and many of the 65,000 crowd in Boca's Bonboniera ("Chocolate Box") Stadium struggling towards the exits, the Boca Juniors captain Ruben Zune was brought down heavily by a defender. He got up, blood streaming down his face, and immediately attacked the Crystal player. Within moments the pitch was the scene of hand-to-hand fighting as the players from both sides joined in the mêlée, punching and kicking.

The Uruguayan referee Alejandro Otero, after a fruitless attempt to restore order, called on the police and had 19 of the players sent to the dressing rooms. One of the Peruvian forwards, Mellan, had to be carried off on a stretcher and he was quickly taken to hospital suffering from a fractured skull. Two others also required treatment—Zune, who had seven stitches in his face; and the Peruvian Campos, who had a broken nose.

Only three members of the teams, both goalkeepers and Boca's centre-half Menendez (ironically born in Peru) were left on the field when the referee abandoned the game. The 16 comparatively uninjured survivors were taken to the nearest police station and promptly sentenced to 30 days in jail by the Argentinian federal police chief General George Caceres Monies for disorderly conduct. But after a rapid exchange of notes between the Peruvian Embassy and the Argentine Foreign Office the penalties were suspended.

The Boca Juniors president, Alberto Armando, told the Argentinian FA to impose a severe sentence on his players. "A football match is not a war," he said, "and I won't raise a finger to protect those guilty players. After this incident, I am ashamed to be an Argentinian and particularly to be president of Boca Juniors."

Recording

The Argentinian FA decided to suspend the Boca players for only two matches, but after watching a recording of the end of the match they recommended that five of the players should be prosecuted for causing grievous bodily harm—which carries a minimum sentence of six months in jail.

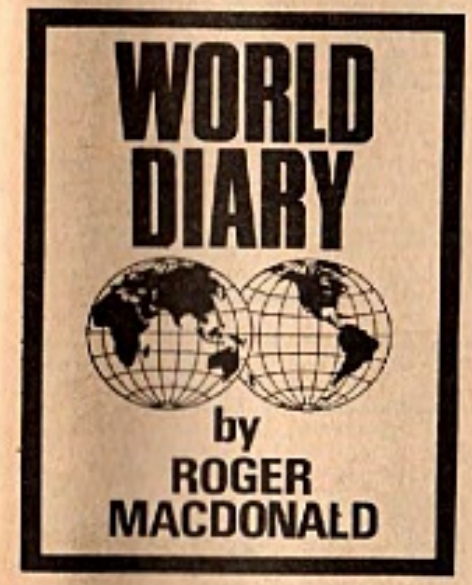
Sporting Crystal, meanwhile, had to cable home for some replacements, so that they could play another match in the same competition against Rosario Central in nearby Rosario, because under the rules of the competition almost their whole team, too, was automatically suspended.

The President of the South American federation, Peru's Teofilo Salinas, immediately placed a ban on the Boca Stadium after a meeting in Lima with his executive committee, Paraguayan Alfonso Capurro and Eduardo Rocha of Uruguay. They did this, he said, because the ground could not guarantee the safety of any visiting team—for coaches, reserves and Boca officials had all joined in the brawl.

Sune of Boca Juniors is led from the pitch by a policeman after the riot in Buenos Aires.

Salinas said he was tired of waiting for the results of inquiries, appeals and counter-appeals—a direct reference to the Argentinian FA's announcement that they were going to set up an official investigation into the affair. Salinas said that "action has got to be taken immediately. At the very least, Argentinian clubs should be suspended from the South American Club Cup for the next two years."

IN ROME
S AIRES



The Argentinian FA's reaction to this statement was that Salinas, being Peruvian, could not be regarded as impartial and that if the suspension were confirmed, "Argentina would withdraw from the competition once and for all". But Salinas, for the moment, had the last word. "If Argentina cannot, or will not, put their own house in order," he retorted, "the South American Federation will be compelled to recommend that the 1978 World Cup be transferred to a country of greater integrity. Argentina should realise that the European members of FIFA already regard this venue for the finals with the greatest misgivings."

For the moment, then, Argentina's candidature seems to lie in the balance—and for this they have to thank the players of Estudiantes and now Boca for their disgraceful lack of self-discipline. One Peruvian journalist, writing in the Lima *Extra*, put it rather well. "Once again," he wrote, "Argentinian football appears to the world as it really is: with its teams comprised of delinquents, who instead of finding themselves on the field as footballers, could well find themselves somewhere else—wearing another sort of shirt with rather different numbers. . . ."

Helenio Herrera, sacked by AS Roma.

Herrera sacked by Roma board

AFTER sensation in Buenos Aires, sensation in Rome, where Helenio Herrera was sacked by AS Roma with two months of his contract still to run. The decision of the club directors was announced within hours of the Milan newspaper Gazzetto della Sport quoting Herrera as saying that "Roma may not have won the championship since I took over, but then they have never won the title since the war. They only won in 1942 because their coach was Benito Mussolini."

Statement

The Board, in a statement, said that Herrera "has again permitted himself to repeat publicly an infamous allegation, that Roma won the 1942 championship corruptly through the influence of Mussolini; this remark is shamefully false, and intolerable to the club's brave players and supporters both of the war years and the present day"

So assistant manager Lucianao Tessari became acting manager until the end of the season, although he has already said that he does not want the job permanently—and no one can blame him.

For behind the dramatic dismissal of Herrera lies three years of bitter clashes with the club directors, particularly the president, Alvaro Marchini. It was Marchini who put pressure on Herrera to accept a cut in salary earlier this year, which Herrera agreed to do, providing that the club honoured their agreement to pay his taxes for the past three seasons, amounting to £60,000.

But only three days before the final outburst, Roma told Herrera that the Italian League rules prevented them from paying a manager's taxes (which, strictly speaking, was true, but had never concerned them on previous occasions) and that in any case they could no longer afford to keep Herrera as a manager when his contract expired.

It seemed that the three members of the six-man board who had always supported Herrera, finally gave way under the pressure to get rid of him. Herrera, realising the situation, dropped his salary demands from £60,000 for the coming year to only £27,000. He gave as a reason that he wanted to stay in Rome to be near Fiora Gandolfi, the 34-year-old woman reporter he has been living with for the past year. "To stay with Fiora," he said, "I'll even pay my own taxes."

Dismissal

Herrera bought his own ticket for Roma's home match on the Saturday following his dismissal—the most expensive he could get, about two yards behind the directors' box, much to the annoyance of Senor Marchini. The crowd of 25,000, small by Roma's standards, chanted Herrera's name at the start and end of the match in a noisy demonstration of disapproval. Roma won 5-0, and a reporter asked Herrera for his reaction. "I wound up the spring," he replied, "and you can't expect it to run down all at once."

TOP SIXES

Italy

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Inter-Milan	25	17	5	3	38	21	39
AC Milan	25	13	10	2	47	21	36
Napoli	25	13	8	4	26	15	34
Juventus	25	10	9	6	34	25	29
Bologna	25	8	12	5	26	19	28
AS Roma	25	6	15	4	28	21	27

Austria

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Austria Salzburg	21	13	5	3	46	22	31
Wacker Innsbruck	20	13	2	5	38	18	28
Rapid Vienna	20	11	6	3	40	26	28
Admira Energie	20	11	3	6	39	26	25
Voest Linz	20	9	6	5	31	26	24
Vienna	21	8	8	5	31	27	24

East Germany

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Dynamo Dresden	18	13	2	3	38	17	28
Carl Zeiss Jena	18	10	3	5	45	25	23
Chemie Halle	18	7	7	4	27	20	21
Vorwaerts Berlin	18	7	6	5	30	28	20
Union Berlin	18	5	9	4	19	21	19
Sachsenring Zwickau	18	8	3	7	26	29	19

Czechoslovakia

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Spartak Trnava	22	14	4	4	43	17	32
SKLO Union Teplice	22	10	6	6	23	15	26
Banik Ostrava	22	8	10	4	22	17	26
Sparta Prague	22	10	6	6	26	21	26
VSS Kosice	22	10	4	8	26	23	24
Slovan Bratislava	22	7	9	6	21	18	23

Poland

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Legia Warsaw	17	11	4	2	29	10	26
Gornik Zabrze	16	8	5	3	22	15	21
Ruch Chorzow	17	8	5	4	38	20	21
Stal Mielec	17	7	4	6	20	22	18
ROW Rybnik	17	6	6	5	10	15	18
Pogon	17	7	4	6	16	23	18

Bulgaria

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
CSKA	20	16	3	1	59	14	35
Botev	20	14	2	4	35	16	30
Levski-Spartak	20	12	5	3	35	13	29
Trakia Plovdiv	20	9	4	7	26	31	22
Marek	20	6	8	6	25	20	20
Spartak	20	9	2	9	34	32	20

Greece

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
AEK Athens	27	19	7	1	49	11	72
Panionios	26	16	6	4	48	25	64
Iraklis	27	11	12	4	31	23	61
Atgaleo	27	14	6	7	27	21	61
Panathinaikos	24	14	7	3	43	14	59
Apollon	27	11	10	6	27	18	59

**Three points for a win, two a draw, one for a defeat.*

Hungary

	P	W	D	L	F	A	B	Pts
Ujpest Dosa	20	12	5	3	49	18	(8)	37
Vasas Budapest	20	13	22	5	45	17	(6)	34
Ferencvaros	20	10	6	4	31	14	(6)	34
Honved	20	11	4	5	38	23	(7)	33
MTK Budapest	20	7	8	5	30	24	(7)	29
Csepel	20	5	10	5	23	21	(6)	26

Figures in brackets are bonus points gained from summer championship.

Yugoslavia

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Hajduk Split	22	10	10	2	33	17	30
Partizan Belgrade	22	12	6	4	28	12	30
Dinamo	22	11	7	4	32	17	29
Zeleznicar Sarajevo	22	10	6	6	26	21	26
Olimpija	22	8	8	6	30	21	24
Velez Mostar	22	10	3	9	30	28	23

Eire

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Cork Hibernians	24	12	10	2	37	17	34
Shamrock Rovers	25	13	7	4	46	36	33
Waterford	25	12	8	5	48	34	32
Cork Celtic	25	11	9	5	42	26	31
Bohemians	25	11	9	5	37	25	31
Finn Harps	25	12	4	9	50	38	28

Scotland

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Aberdeen	32	24	5	3	67	16	53
Celtic	30	23	4	3	78	20	48
St. Johnstone	32	18	5	9	57	44	41
Rangers	31	14	9	8	51	30	37
Dundee FC	32	13	10	9	49	44	36
Falkirk	31	12	9	10	43	43	33

Denis Law of Manchester United (10) appears to be sitting in mid-air but he fails to find the net against Derby County.

Spain

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Valencia	29	18	7	4	41	18	43
Barcelona	29	19	4	6	49	21	42
Atletico Madrid	29	17	7	5	50	19	41
Real Madrid	29	17	6	6	46	24	40
Celta Vigo	29	15	4	10	37	32	34
Atletico Bilbao	29	13	7	9	38	30	33

Belgium

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Standard Liege	26	20	5	1	60	16	45
FC Bruges	26	18	4	4	65	30	40
Anderlecht	25	14	4	7	41	23	32
Lierse SK	26	15	0	11	39	27	30
Racing White	25	9	9	7	31	26	27
Beveren-Waas	26	9	8	9	27	28	26

Holland

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Ajax Amsterdam	26	18	5	3	69	13	41
Feyenoord	26	18	5	3	56	18	41
PSV Eindhoven	26	17	5	4	60	16	39
Sparta Rotterdam	26	14	11	1	40	19	39
FC Twente Enschede	26	15	8	3	39	14	38
ADO Den Haag	26	16	5	5	47	22	37

Denmark

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Heidovre	2	2	0	0	7	3	4
Frem Kopenhagen	2	2	0	0	6	4	4
KB Kopenhagen	2	2	0	0	6	4	4
B.1909 Odense	2	1	1	0	5	2	3
Randers Freja	2	1	1	0	4	3	3
B.1903 Kopenhagen	2	1	0	1	3	3	2

Rumania

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Rapid Bucharest	19	8	9	2	21	11	25
Dinamo Bucharest	19	9	6	4	32	16	24
UT Arad	19	10	3	6	28	18	23
Petrolul	19	9	4	6	23	20	22
Farul	19	9	4	6	29	28	22
Steaua	19	7	7	5	25	21	21

Switzerland

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Grasshoppers	18	14	2	2	37	14	30
Basle	18	11	5	2	49	22	27
Lugano	18	8	7	3	33	23	23
Lausanne	18	9	4	5	42	32	22
Zurich	18	8	5	5	31	31	21
Young Boys	18	7	4	7	32	26	18

France

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
St. Etienne	26	15	8	3	52	28	38
Marseille	27	15	7	5	58	31	37
Rennes	27	14	5	8	50	31	33
Nantes	27	13	7	7	45	29	33
Metz	26	10	11	5	34	31	31
Sochaux	26	12	5	9	41	30	29

Northern Ireland

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Linfield	14	10	2	2	38	14	22
Glentoran	14	9	3	2	29	12	21
Distillery	14	8	3	3	37	23	19
Coleraine	14	8	1	5	34	24	17
Ballymena	14	5	6	3	24	17	16
Bangor	14	5	5	4	16	20	15

West Germany

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
B. Morchengladbach	25	14	8	3	54	24	36
Bayern Munchen	25	13	8	3	51	26	34
E. Brunswick	27	14	5	8	45	28	33
Schalke 04	27	14	5	8	38	26	33
Hertha BSC	27	12	8	7	44	33	32
FC Koln	26	9	10	7	34	35	28

England

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Leeds United	38	24	10	4	65	28	58
Arsenal	36	25	6	5	65	26	56
Chelsea	38	17	13	8	49	39	47
Wolves	38	20	7	11	61	52	47
Tottenham	36	16	12	8	49	31	44
Liverpool	37	14	15	8	36	22	43

European League Review by ROGER MACDONALD

PSV face heavy fine after can incident

WHILE PSV Eindhoven travelled to Madrid hoping to survive against Real in the second leg of the European Cup semi-finals, one of their more exuberant fans faced charges back in Holland after knocking out a linesman with a beer can.

The fan, whose name was withheld by the police, claimed he threw the can towards the pitch without any particular target in mind, but its effect on Irish linesman Gary Barrett was captured by the TV cameras, as he sank slowly to the ground. The game was held up for several minutes, and PSV face the possibility of a heavy fine by UEFA—perhaps as much as one thousand pounds.

The match itself was perhaps notable primarily for the reappearance of Real's 37-year-old outside-left Francisco Gento, playing in his 16th European competition, a record that is likely to endure for all time. Gento, indeed, was no passenger; twice he broke through the Dutch defence and had the ball taken off his feet in the act of shooting.

While the ties between Atletico Madrid and Ajax Amsterdam, and Cologne and Juventus, remained in the balance, Red Star Belgrade took a firm option on a place in the European Cup final by beating Panathinaikos 4-1. Three goals from Ostojic and another from Jankovic settled the match, although at one time a goal from Kamaras left the score at 2-1. Puskas substituted his goalkeeper before half-time, but it made little difference to the final result.

Borussia Munchengladbach 3, Bayern Munich 1

The big match in West Germany, postponed from March because of bad weather, finally established Borussia as the more likely club to take the championship. They were always the more forceful side, and nearly scored through Netzer after only three minutes.

Netzer it was who put Borussia ahead after 37 minutes, beating Roth, with Beckenbauer slow to come across and cover. Shortly after half-time a dramatic sequence of events ended in Borussia going further ahead: Netzer struck the post, Laumen headed the ball back against the bar, and Lefevre slammed in the second rebound. Mrosko, on the Bayern transfer list, reduced the lead in the 66th minute, only for Laumen to score a third goal 17 minutes from the end.

The 30,000 crowd saw Bayern outplayed throughout, with Sepp Maier dropping the ball at least three times in an inexplicable attack of nerves, and Beckenbauer—admittedly receiving rough treatment throughout—unable to establish his authority on the game.

Marseille 5, Valenciennes 2

Marseille's emphatic victory against a side struggling to avoid relegation ended a difficult period for them in which they found goals difficult and even mediocre opponents extremely stubborn.

With ten weeks of the championship remaining, Marseille were still one point behind Saint Etienne, who had a precarious 1-0 win over Rennes on the same evening. But with goal difference overwhelmingly in Marseille's favour, they needed to reduce the margin by only a single point to be sure of the first division title.

Botev 1, Levski-Spartak 1

Although the Army club, CDNA, have established a substantial lead in the Bulgarian championship, the struggle even for second place is no less intense.

A record crowd of just over 40,000 passed through the gates at Vratza, and the latecomers missed Botev's goal, scored after just two minutes through a magnificent free-kick by right-back Penkov.

Tzetkov equalised after 15 minutes, but the result remained in doubt until the final whistle. First Kamenov hit the Levski crossbar for Botev, then, in the second half, Kotkov repeated this feat for Levski. A fine match, that could yet have a bearing on the championship.

Bruges 2, Standard Liege 3

Any thoughts that Standard might, when the pressure was really on, even now fail to take the Belgian title endured until 15 minutes from the end of this dramatic match.

At that point Standard were losing 2-0, had centre-forward Jeck lying deep in midfield with his nose broken, and Semmeling off the field with a serious leg injury. Yet in those remaining minutes they scored three times to inflict on Bruges their first home defeat of the season—and, remembering Bruges' formidable home record, achieve a sensational victory.

Karl-Zeiss Jena 2, Dynamo Dresden 1

This was a match which Jena, lying five points behind the leaders Jena, had to win. Scheitler gave them a fine start with a goal after 50 seconds, only for Kreische to equalise after 14 minutes.

But with Peter Ducke in marvellous form, Jena came again, and Strempel, with an immaculate header, and Schlutter late in the game gave Jena a deserved 3-1 victory. It is still not too late for Karl-Zeiss to retain the championship.

Arsenal's Frank McLintock, playing against Newcastle . . . Footballer of the Year in England for 1971.

Classified Results

JANUARY 10

Argentina (0) 3 (Brindisi, Nicolau, Laraignee, pen). 10,000

France (1) 4 (Loubet, Djorkaeff, pen., Lech, Revelli)

Argentina: Marin; Sonc, Perfumo, Laraignee, Carrascosa; Nicolau, Maduga, Tojo (Brindisi); Gramajo (Marcos), Oberti (Bianchi), Vernon.

France: Carnus; Djorkaeff, Bosquier, Novi, Rostagni; Mezy, Huck; Floch, Lech, Loubet (Revelli), Bereta (Herbet).

(Ref: Barreiro/Argentina).

JANUARY 31

Peru Under '23's (1) 2 (Daga, Palacios)

Argentina Under '23's (1) 2 (Morette 2)

Peru: Valdez; M. Palacios, Aliaga, Vargas, Velasquez; Barquero, A. Palacios; Gutierrez, Rivero, Daga, Oblitas.

Argentina: Vidale; Jerez, Mouno, O. Perez, Abdala; Berta, Pafundi, Nogues; Morette, Orozzabel, Alvarez.

(Ref: C. Rivero/Peru).

(February 5)—Universitario (Peru) 1 (Sammer o.g.) East Germany 1 (Frenzel).

(February 7)—Union Espanola (Chile) (1) 1 (Gonzalez) East Germany (1) 2 (Ducke, Sparwasser).

FEBRUARY 8

Sporting Cristal (Peru) (1) 1 (Del Castillo) 14,600

Russia (0) 2 (Nodija 2)

Cristal: Rubinos; Campos, Mellan, La Torre, Blas; Miffin, Quesada; Merino (Obregoso), Castillo (Benitez), Gonzalez (Navarro), Torres (Risco).

Russia: Banitkov; Isomin, Shesterner, Kapitchny, Lovstobev; Kiselev, Kopeikin (Ichtenkov), Muntijan; Fedotov, Chevtchenko (Nodija), Evlisshikin.

(Ref: C. Orozco/Peru).

(February 8)—Chile Under 23's (0) Peru Under 23's 2.

FEBRUARY 9

Uruguay (0) 0 20,000

East Germany (2) 3 (Stein 2, Richter)

Uruguay: Corbo; Sandoval, Vanquez, Aparicio, Gonsalves (Matosas); Montero, Castillo, Latuada, Mantegazzal, Villalba, Mancito, R. Corbo.

East Germany: Croy; Kurbjuweit, Ganzera; Irmscher, Sammer, Strempel; Stein, Frenzel, Ducke, Kreische, Vogel (Richter).

FEBRUARY 11

Uruguay (0) 1 (Zubia) 8,000

East Germany (1) 1 (Richter)

Uruguay: W. Corbo; Ancheta, Varela, Aparicio, Matosas; Montero Castillo, Latuada, Zubia; Villalba, Mancito, R. Corbo.

East Germany: Croy; Kurbjuweit, Ganzera; Irmscher, Sammer, Strempel; Stein, Frenzel, Ducke, Kreische, Vogel (Richter).

FEBRUARY 11

Uruguay (0) 1 (Zubia) 8,000

East Germany (1) 1 (Richter)

Uruguay: W. Corbo; Ancheta, Varela, Aparicio, Matosas; Montero Castillo, Latuada, Zubia; Villalba, Maneiro, R. Corbo.

East Germany: Croy; Kurbjuweit, Ganzera; Irmscher, Sammer, Strempel; Stein, Frenzel, Ducke, Kreische, Vogel (Richter).

FEBRUARY 12

Peru Under 23's (1) 2 (Palacios, Lavalle) Chile Under 23's (1) 1 (Wapinosa).

(February 14)—Panama 0 Bank Ostrava (Czechoslovakia) (1) 2 (Schumker 2).

(February 15)—Municipal-Aurich Comb. (Peru) 0 Russia (3) 5 (Fedotov 3, Nodija, Ichtenkov). Colombia Under 23's 1 South Korea 4.

(February 18)—Mexico 0 Russia 0.

MARCH 17

Spain (0) 2 (Pirri 2) 56,000

France (1) 2 (Revelli 2)

Spain: Iribar; Sol, Gallego, Tonono, Aston; Claramunt, Pirri, Costas (Lora); Amancio (Rexach), Arrieta (Quini), Churruca.

France: Carnus; Djorkaeff, Bosquier, Novi, Rostagni; Michel, Mezy; Lech, Revelli, Loubet (Floch), Bereta.

(Ref: Agnesse/Italy).

APRIL 4

Austria (0) 0 35,000

Hungary (0) 2 (Bene 2)

Austria: Rettenstainer; Fak, Sturmberger (Horvath), Schmidradner, Kreiss; Starek, Hof, Ettmayer; Kreuz, Leitner (Kodat), Gallos (Gasmer).

Hungary: Rothermel; Nosko, Meszely (Juhasz), Pancics, Vidats; Dunai III, Albert, Kocsis (Szucs); Fazekas, Bene, Zambo.

(Ref: Kemlee/Switzerland).

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP FEBRUARY 17

Albania (0) 0

West Germany (1) 1 (Mueller)

Albania: Dincila; M. Gjika, P. Dhales, Kazmi, R. Cami; Ragami, Vasu, A. Zio, Ceco, Biri, Puno.

West Germany: Maier; Vogts, Patzke (Bella), Weber, Schnellinger; Beckenbauer, Netzer, Overath; Heynckes, Mueller, Grabowski.

Belgium (2) 3 (Lambert, Van Himst, Denul) 25,000

Portugal (0) 0

Belgium: Piot; Heylens, Devalque, Pinkie, Thissen; Van Moer, Van den Daele, Semmeling (Thio); Lambert, Van Himst, Denul.

Portugal: Damas; Da Silva, (Rebello) Humberto, Rolando, Hilario; Pavao, Perez, Rodriguez (Guerreiro); Baptista, Eusebio, Simoes.

More next month

Tunisia beat UAR

IN Africa, the qualifying matches of the Olympic football tournament have continued with only one major surprise. Tunisia, 3-0 ahead from the first leg in March, played a largely defensive match against the United Arab Republic in Cairo. They lost 2-0, a goal scored early in each half—but at no time did the Egyptians look like saving the tie. In the closing stages Tunisia looked the more likely to score, and Cheman had what seemed a perfectly good goal disallowed for offside.

In Casablanca, Morocco made almost certain of qualifying for the next round when they beat the Niger 5-2. The Moroccans scored three times in the first 18 minutes, a blow from which their opponents never recovered. The first goal came after only three minutes, Maati heading the ball back from the goal-line to the advancing Faras; Bamous got the second with a shot from 30 yards in the 17th minute; and within 60 seconds the ball was back in the Niger net, Faras putting Petchou clean through.

Niger promptly substituted Sakou for their first choice 'keeper Salou, and for a while Morocco could make no further impression on the visitors' defence. Indeed, the game took a dramatic turn when, from their very first corner, Niger pulled a goal back in the 50th minute—Saidou-Garba heading in from close range following a prolonged mêlée. Saidou-Garba scored a second goal in the 74th minute, taking advantage of a dreadful blunder by Allal, and a minute later almost scored the equaliser, shooting over the crossbar by a whisker.

But Morocco weathered the storm and three minutes later Faras once again put them two goals ahead. Niger's effort fell away, and Bamous headed Morocco's fifth goal after a brilliant move engineered by Petchou.

Fasekas of Hungary.

World SOCCER
EXCELSI
TOSTAO Brazil

CAGLIARI of Italy

Back row left to right: Nene, Enrico Albertosi, Comunardo Niccolai, Angelo Domenghini, Guiseppe Tomasini, Luigi Riva.
Front: Mario Brugnera, Mario Martiradonna, Cesare Poli, Sergio Gori, Luigi Cera.